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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series
Volume L.A.

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{ From Beginning.
Vol. CLXXXI.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

SPRING AT OXFORD.*

"χοῶς χέασθαι σπάντα προς πρώτην ἐω."

I.

IN Spring God shakes hands, and we know him:

We only need open our eyes
And gaze on the sun-lighted poem
Which in music weds earth to the skies.
Shut your books, close your "Mill" and your
"Butler,"

Laugh logic and dogma to scorn,
And hark to a reasoning subtler
Which proves why the blossoms are born.

II.

I will back a sweet-pea against Pusey
To teach you the right way to pray;
God will show you — through cowslips — the
use he

Will make of the tribute you pay.
Hush! that rose is a perfumed hymn singing
To the quivering butterfly there;
Perchance, in his gay golden winging,
He'll bring you a solace of care.

III.

Sport your oak on the flesh: your soul-leaven
Put in tune with the poorest field-flower;
Trust the heartsease to lead you to heaven
With its pity-full, quaint, pansy-power.
Oh! the secret the Springtime discloses
Teaches more than the chastening rod:
Only try and be friends with the roses,
And the roses will guide you to God!

IV.

Don't hearken to preachers, but listen
To what the green grasses will tell;
When the dew on the daffodils glisten,
Soothe your soul in their mystical spell.
If you'll but light your heart with Spring fan-
cies,
As visible whispers God sends,
Your mother shall kiss you through pansies,
The primroses cheer you as friends!
Blackwood's Magazine. X. L.

* The advent of Spring is, as we all well know, wel-
comed with peculiar grace and prettiness at Oxford;
for there, by Cherwell stream, early in the morning, at
the very dawning of the first day of the month of Mary,
the choristers of Magdalen ascend the tall tower and
make sweet May-music. Music has been composed for
the above verses.

R. I. P.

ONCE more we pull the wind-flower in the
wood,
And hear the cuckoo calling from the hill,
Each in its place, responsive to the Will
That bade them be, and "saw that they were
good,"
And to the wind and wave said, "Peace,
be still!"

Peace! let us hold our peace. The rain fell
fast,

The troubled skies before the strong wind
driven;

Now, like a lowly penitent forgiven,
A smile across the tear-stained face hath
passed,

And sobbing Earth is reconciled to Heaven.

Peace! let us hold our peace. She is not here;
To bid the bluebell welcome as of old;
And when the sapphire woodland we behold
We bow the head, and say she held it dear
To watch the awakening earth her wealth
unfold.

Peace! let us hold our peace — her peace is
ours;

Here, as we wander through the woods
alone,

Heart whispereth unto heart in happy tone;
What need, amid the newly risen flowers,
To read "Resurgam" written on the stone?

Peace! let us hold our peace! — our peace is
hers;

Beyond our voices she hath found her rest;
The silent evening burneth in the west;
And by her own still-tongued interpreters
The peaceful message is made manifest.

Then leave the wind-flower quiet in the wood,
The primrose in its place beneath the hill;
Seeing she ceaseth not to work His will
Who looked upon her life, and saw 'twas good,
And to the woman's heart said, "Peace, be
still!"

Longman's Magazine. GEORGE HOLDEN.

BEHOLD! a band of lovers clad
In garments rich and fair,
And loud their song rings out and glad
To all the summer air:
A song that sings of happiness,
Of long-forgotten tears,
Of death to pain and bitterness
And life of love-crowned years.

The same procession comes again,
But clad in sombre hue,
Their hearts are damped with winter's rain,
Their songs are sad and few:
Their lily-crowns are smirched with mire,
And bruised their weary feet,
But in their eyes there burns the fire
Of love that is so sweet.

Yea, love, dear lord, in weal and woe
Our hearts still turn to thee,
'Neath summer suns and winter's snow
Thine ever we would be!
O give us measure of delight
And bloom of thy bright flowers,
Though day be swallowed up in night,
And lost in death the hours.

LORD HENRY SOMERSET.

From The Nineteenth Century.
ITALY IN 1888-89.

BY RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

I VISITED Naples, exclusively for reasons connected with the health of my family, in the winter of 1850-51. I saw it no more until the winter of 1888-89. The change, which has passed upon the city during these thirty-nine years, may without exaggeration be called enormous. At the earlier epoch, the reaction, which followed the abortive efforts of 1848-49 for national deliverance, was celebrating not only its triumph, but its Saturnalia. Personal liberty was deprived of every guarantee; and the trial of Poerio and his associates, who had assisted the king eighteen months before in establishing, as he solemnly swore, by his own free will and deliberate conviction, a free constitution, was proceeding, under a government of perjury and violence, to its predetermined issues in the judicial condemnation of the patriot culprits. But at the later period, there lay upon the surface every sign not only of change but of transformation. There was a free press, free speech, free worship, and freedom of person, with every sign of a vigorous municipal life, replacing the stagnant uniformity of a despotism both local and central. The notes, indeed, of material progress surpassed everything which could have been expected. The basking, loitering, lolling, loafing population, so peculiarly Neapolitan, seemed to have become extinct. The filth, which formerly made the city offensive to eye and nostril, had disappeared in great measure. In all the frequented parts of the city, the population was well-clad. I made it my business to look for stockingless and shoeless feet; and I found them, between young and old, in four cases only during my whole stay. An excellent service had been organized, through the main streets, of omnibuses, trams, and steam-trams; and it was largely used, not only by the middle, but by the working class. Of the butchers' shops, as the measure of the consumption of animal food by the people, I cannot speak in the exact language of statistics; but from the evidence of the eye I should say, that they were multiplied in some proportion

approaching five to one. Mendicity, formerly amounting to a public nuisance, had become comparatively rare; the most importunate beggar that I encountered was a Sister of Charity. A supply of water, faulty alike in quality and quantity, had been replaced at great cost by one of first-rate purity and abundance; and, as a result, typhoid fever, formerly endemic, had been expelled from the place. In the old quarter, or *città vecchia*, another vast operation was about its beginning. Lying below the level of the sea, it was still a constant or frequent nest of disease. But municipal enterprise had the remedy prepared in a great evisceration (*svisceramento*). The peccant part was sentenced to disappear altogether; and, partly with change of levels, partly with a system of powerful pumping, a new quarter was to rise. Considerable spaces have been recovered from the sea; and more aggression of this kind is in immediate contemplation. The old frontage of Santa Lucia is to disappear; with every provision, let us hope, for a new and better one on behalf of its picturesque and well-known groupings. Much has been done in opening and enlarging thoroughfares; but the movement and traffic of the great streets cry out, and that loudly, for more. The spirit of independent enterprise is also alive; and more than one project is at work for piercing through the *Vomero* with a view to a new quarter in that direction. To appreciate adequately the character and significance of these changes, we must bear in mind that Naples, under the Bourbons, was the capital of a kingdom of eight millions of souls, having a court with all establishments civil and military fully organized around it, and with the social attractions which of themselves generate no inconsiderable population. The withdrawal of this great apparatus unquestionably caused an enormous vacuum. Many establishments have disappeared, and a soldier is rarely seen in the streets, while royal visits to the vast and imposing palaces are necessarily rare. The whole of this vacuum has, however, been filled since the Revolution. The population has even grown. The town, too, has been beautified even more than it has been en-

larged. The site was always noble; but we have now a noble city on a noble site. Splendid gifts have been made to the public by distinguished citizens; for instance the Museum presented by Prince Filangieri. Life is opening up for the artisans who have formed themselves into unions, and are attending lectures and schools. Art, likewise, has lifted up her head; and I had the satisfaction of witnessing an exhibition of sculpture and painting for the year,* which appeared to me full of life and promise. Is it too much to say that all this remarkable development, in so many directions, affords an unanswerable proof of the energies which thrive, as in their native atmosphere and soil, under a system of freedom and self-government?

It will readily be understood that these visible results, with which the modern Birmingham or Manchester may be well contented to compare, have not been achieved without the aid of loans; to the extent, as I have understood, of between four and five millions sterling. I have not been led to believe that other municipalities of the greater Italian cities have been behind that of Naples. It would be a mistake to suppose that these great operations, even if in all cases prudent, indicate a corresponding advance in the rural districts of Italy. Nay, Naples itself has been cited by a writer of the highest authority, Professor Villari, as exhibiting, in the quarter now condemned, an example of the extremest distress. The economic spectacle exhibited by Italy as a whole since the Revolution, is of a mixed character. On the one hand, the increase in her taxation has been vast; so vast as to reach the formidable dimensions of a political danger. On the other hand, it has not sapped the loyalty of the people to the new state of things; and, concurrently with the aggravation of the public burdens, there has been a large growth in the aggregate of national wealth. The subject is one of enormous interest both to the student of political philosophy, and in its direct and practical connection with the affairs of Europe at large.

Some readers may possibly remember or have learned that I became a public meddler in the concerns of southern Italy thirty-eight years ago. This interference was due to what would be called accident, and was of no intrinsic importance. But there was a peculiar combination of time and circumstance; and it received a marked countenance, in different forms, from the two contemporary British statesmen who were of the greatest European weight, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston. Thus it grew to be a matter of notoriety, and even in some small degree of consequence. I found it stereotyped in the memory of southern Italy in particular. It was at the same time fresh as an event of yesterday. The construction to be put upon this vivid recollection is not hard to supply. Meantime, I plead it as my apology for public reference to a subject which well deserves to be handled more at leisure and at large. But, rightly or wrongly, I felt at Naples as if I had in a manner mortgaged a portion of myself to Italian interests, in such a sense that if I received deep impressions upon matters, which seemed in my deliberate view to pertain to the vital interests and honor of the country, it would become a duty to bear my witness, without fear or favor, to the actual state of facts.

So far as my historical recollection serves me, no country, except France between 1789 and the empire, has ever undergone in a like space of time such changes, as have passed upon Italy in the last twenty years. Fourteen hundred years ago she lost empire, and empire which had been the proudest that the world had ever seen. With it, or shortly after this first catastrophe, she found that she had also lost the two essential conditions of national vitality, her unity and her independence, as well as those other blessings of which I will not now discuss the relative value, liberty, tranquillity, and law. The Italian republics indeed offer us a splendid episode. They may claim to be the only, or the most formidable, rivals in history to the States of ancient Greece, especially in the proof they supplied that, where liberty is dearly prized, even a state of almost continuous turbu-

* Fostered by the care and liberality of the Duke of San Donato.

lence and struggle need not preclude the attainment, on the one hand of wealth and splendor, on the other of superlative pre-eminence in literature and art. But these little States by degrees gave way to encroaching dominations. And for many centuries that had been a fact, which in the mouth of Metternich became a sarcasm; Italy was simply a geographical expression, and no more. Dependence, division, despotism, seemed to have become, with the rarest and most partial exceptions, a second nature to her, which overlay, absorbed, and exhausted the first. For the historic student, and for the imaginative visitor, a halo of the known past, with a hope perhaps of a possible future, still lay about her, and she did not seem to them

Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured.

Nay, the French war, as a whole, had apparently brought her not good but evil; for example in the ruin of a remnant of local liberties,* and in the pestilent institution of such a police as stifled liberty without repressing crime.

All this has been changed as in a transformation scene. As against the stranger, by fair fighting, with timely and decisive help given by those who found their interest in giving it. As against the tyrant, by long, patient, indomitable endurance, and by a course of action hardly more than on one single and sad occasion (in the case of Rossi) stained with crime. On the surface, the French war had injured her, for it stimulated by its after action and improved the craft of despotism; but there was this compensation, that it for once had suggested the idea, and had even lighted the lamp of liberty, a vital flame which through a sad and wearisome half-century never was put out.

Siam servi, sì, ma servi ognor frementi.†

And now, seven absolute governments have been expelled, supplanted, or transformed; the dissevered fragments of the country have united themselves by a process, not of art or violence, but of nature;

and a nation of near thirty millions has taken its place, by an unquestioned title, among the great and ruling powers of European Christendom. Surely this is one of the gigantic achievements which of itself suffices to make an epoch in the history of the world.

Nor was the process less rightful than large. Under the old system, the lawless element, according to the highest sense of law, had its seat in the governments; and the work of the Revolution was truly a work of order.

But it remains to ask, has the process been as thorough as it was legitimate; is the surface at all points a just indication of the interior; is the fabric as durable as it is fair and brilliant? Is there any new danger, now in the course of being conjured up from the unfathomable depths of vicissitude, which may come to threaten, in whole or in part, the costly acquisitions of the last thirty years? Not only have we to take into view that waywardness of our nature which so often neutralizes our best blessings, or converts them into mischiefs; we have also to bear in mind that the gigantic nature of the work achieved leaves room, even amidst general success, for much local failure and miscarriage.

The Italian case cannot be fairly judged without taking into our account the special features of the problem. The unification of Germany was a vast operation, but it differed from that of Italy at least in three vital particulars. The central force of what is now united Germany, in Prussia, was more than equal to the whole of the auxiliary and subordinate forces; whereas Sardinia could only be reckoned third among the powers planted in Italy, and contained less than a fifth of the population. Secondly, the principal units, now happily formed into a German Empire, passed into it as they were, without the severance of government from subject, or radical change in the methods of rule; whereas the Italian change began by convulsing what it sought to unite, through six local revolutions. Armies had to be taken over, to serve not only under new masters but for new purposes; and myriads of civilians had likewise to be dealt with, whom it would not have been safe

* Farini gives interesting particulars on this subject, in his *History of the Roman State*.

† Alfieri.

by a rude and general dismissal to convert into conspirators. Last, and not least, Italy had to face and solve the deplorable question of the temporal power attached to the popedom; and the political controversy was in her case envenomed by the introduction into it, though happily under milder conditions, of the very same spirit which in other days afflicted Europe with the wars of religion. Under such circumstances, I conceive that those who love Italy may well be amazed at what she has done, and need not be disheartened if there be anything which as yet she has been unable to do.

The Revolution, which made Italy a nation, has been hailed by the mass of the community, and accepted in the main by every class. Disaffection might perhaps have been anticipated from the aristocracy and the clergy. As to the aristocracy, I found no sign of it either in Florence or in Naples. It is singular, if in Rome the adhesion of the nobility to the Italian throne has been slower than elsewhere; because it was here that under the old system the nobles were the most completely excluded from all but an honorary share in the government. But the explanation would probably be that as, in the individual man, organs unemployed tend to atrophy, so in this class the privation traditionally accepted starved out the appetite for public duty; until at length Edmond About was led to write of the Roman nobility (among whom, however, there were splendid exceptions), *Hélas les pauvres gens! ils n'ont pas même des vices*. As regards the clergy, it is more difficult to judge. Their numbers, in the secular branch of the order, do not seem to have undergone inconvenient diminution. Two priests of Ischia, which has a population of only thirty thousand, assured me that, independently of the teachers in an ecclesiastical seminary, the island had two hundred of their brethren. In Naples the Church is ruled by a cardinal archbishop (San Felice), whose praise is in every mouth for his holy living and devotion to his work. He "does not meddle in politics;" which I take to be an accepted phrase for signifying that he has a strong Italian feeling. In the streets of the city I saw at least ten priests for every soldier; and, notwithstanding the abolition of the monastic corporations, there was a fair sprinkling of monks, who are retained, apparently in not illiberal numbers, for the service of the conventual churches. In these apparently flourishing circumstances, the policy of non-interference,

avowedly adopted by the Italian government, has left the clerical body largely dependent upon the pope for countenance and promotion. But they spring from the people; and the national sentiment appears to be by no means extinct among them. Doctor Antenori, a well-known and respected Neapolitan physician, who unites the characters of Liberal and believer, and whom I shall have occasion again to mention, assured me that the Italian clergy was frankly liberal (*francamente liberale*): probably an over-sanguine but yet not an unimportant testimony. I have before me an excellent tract* by a south-Italian priest, which, while perfectly dutiful in a religious sense to the pope, entreats him once for all to abandon and denounce "the unnatural marriage of the crosier and the sword" (p. 64), and has some lines (p. 65) on the concord generally prevailing between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, which are not unworthy of attention:—

Everywhere we have living in harmony the prefects and the archbishops, the sub-prefects and the bishops: and in the small country towns, as a general rule, there is no sort of estrangement between the syndics and the parish priests, among whom the *Don Pacificos* are innumerable, while the *Don Belligeros* may be counted on the fingers.

It should also be borne in mind that, before the new state of things had arrived, a body of ten thousand Italian clergy, under the auspices of Passaglia, had declared against the temporal power. And, upon the whole, the most rational conclusion seems to be that the Italian spirit has still a widely spread representation among them. In the community at large, the national sentiment appeared to be universal. Indeed I must own my astonishment as well as pleasure at the wonderful manner in which it seems to have taken hold of the masses even in rural and secluded districts, though they have never had the advantage of any sort of political education; nor have I been without some special means of forming a judgment on this subject from popular manifestations, of which I have been a witness.

Upon the whole I take it to be a solid and established fact that the unity, nationality, and independence of Italy are not the mere upthrow of a political movement, which some following convulsion

* *Il Santuario e la Conciliazione*: pel Sacerdote Arcangelo Rattunna. Padula: December, 1887. A case has recently been stated in a London journal where a bishop has been called to account for publishing similar opinions.

may displace, but are the long-prepared and definitive results of causes permanent in their nature; and are, notwithstanding dangers, some of them most subtle and others visibly alarming, to be reckoned with on the same footing as the unity, independence, and nationality of other great European countries.

No writer dealing, as I am now dealing, with the favorable side of the Italian account, can omit to acknowledge the large and invaluable contribution which has been made by the personal conduct of the king and queen to the great national cause. On this subject, there is not a voice, nor so much as a whisper of dissent. The queen had, long before her accession to the throne, taken a high place in the public estimation. The king is prized for his absolute good faith and loyalty to the constitution. He has the reputation of being at once generous with his own means, and sparing of the public treasure. The outbreak of the cholera in Naples afforded to the king an opportunity of which he made noble use, and the courage and humanity, with which on that occasion he confronted infection and the risk of death, have left a deep impression on the grateful memory of the people, and have shown the world that the courage of the house of Savoy is not confined to the battle-field, but finds congenial exercise where danger is encountered not to destroy life but to save it.

But there is one sign which, in my mind, surpasses all others in establishing the genuineness of the Italian reconstruction, and as a promise of its permanence. It is the absolute freedom of speech and writing. I do not mean merely the freedom of journalism, although that is a note of constitutional liberty alike indispensable and invaluable. But every journal is a power, and moreover belongs to a fraternity of associated powers, certain or likely to resent an assault upon one member of the family as a menace to the liberties of all the rest. Now in Italy it is not the periodical press only with its network of defences, it is also the solitary and undefended writer who appears to possess an immunity as large, and as secure, as he could enjoy in lands where freedom is traditional and hereditary, and where its prerogatives or privileges have been imbibed, so to speak, with the mother's milk of every one of us. I must own I expected to find that in a country where popular right has hardly yet emerged from infancy, it would have been not indeed withheld, but yet granted only after a fashion, and beset with cautions and reserves.

Of all the evils marking the domination of the Bourbons in the south of Italy, the most aggravated was the Camorra. The word, happily incapable of translation into English, may be paraphrased as meaning a sub-government, lodged in the hands of criminals, and administered by them throughout the country. It was, I apprehend, far worse than the Nihilism of Russia. Farther north in Italy, the secret societies were limited to political objects. In Ireland they had their origin in the tyranny of the landlord class. In both these cases, they had in view remedies, of whatever kind, for definite evils which had brought them into existence. The Camorra was so secret, that to this hour its character is not perfectly known. But it was worse than the others in this, that it had no more of a remedial character than the rule which Milton describes as established in Pandemonium. It was simply a wanton excrescence of evil; the lawlessness of power towards the subjects, reflected and repeated in another lawlessness, organized by one portion of the sufferers against the rest, and highly efficient at least in the business of taxing them. Evidently the Camorra, such as I have described it, indicated that the social disease, due to misgovernment, had reached its extremest phase. As far as I have been able to learn, it has so far felt the influence of recent changes that it has passed into a milder phase, and is now chiefly to be traced in combinations more or less violently repressive of individual freedom, but less venomous than the old gangrene in this, that they may aim at remedies for mischiefs, and do not simply confront government with anti-government.

Perhaps I attach to this subject I am now touching, what may be thought an exaggerated importance. But I am one of those who believe that true civilization largely consists in, and may be absolutely tested and measured by, the substitution of moral for physical forces. Of these moral forces, there is one which specially falls within the domain of statesmen, and of general opinion. That force is publicity. It is the establishment of a state of things, wherein the word spoken, written, printed, is not punishable except by the known conditions of the laws; and where, in the interpretation of those laws, the doubtful case is habitually ruled in the sense and interest of freedom. It is perhaps the only force, of which it can be said that, although of course it is in human hands liable to abuse, its abuse has

never in history been recorded as intolerable. It is the force which, beyond all others, keeps the atmosphere of a country sweet and pure. It is like some favored medicines, which are gentle, no less than they are effective. For its power is a vast and effectual power, a power which no scheme of tyranny, in these islands or elsewhere, can permanently withstand. I rely upon its existence in Italy, more than upon any other single incident of the great transformation, to assure the permanence, and complete the range, of the new order of things. Pervading as it does British thought and life, as it is among the greatest, so is it, I conceive, among the latest of our acquisitions; and it is a cause of marvel not less than of delight that in Italy it should write itself a contemporary with the birth of freedom, and among the guardians of its cradle.

If it be permitted me to suggest a special cause which has helped the new-born kingdom to maintain a right policy in this delicate matter with so much firmness and consistency on behalf of all its subjects, I think it may have been at least partially due to a very peculiar and prime necessity of the case. Before the popedom had lost its European status as a sovereignty of no mean antiquity, Italy had claimed and exercised freedom of speech in the very highest matter by proclaiming, as the priest Rattunna now proclaims (*ibid.*, p. 62), that she could not remain a headless Italy, an Italy bereft of her natural as well as historical capital. The government of Pius the Ninth yielded in 1870, but yielded only to sheer force. The permission to abide in Rome, and to possess the Vatican in an isolated and silent, but, as far as I can understand, complete independence, was a permission to which no parallel can be found in the annals of conquered States. The Italian government would have been judicially justified in expelling the rival sovereign. But then Italy would also have been forced into contradiction with her own rules of religious liberty, in expelling the bishop of the Roman diocese. Not on this ground only, but on other grounds too obvious to require mention, a high expediency bound that government to endure, to respect, to invite the presence of a great personage within its borders, and at the very centre of its public life, from whom it knew that it was not to expect a reciprocity of toleration. The temporal popedom had had many chances: the chance of presiding over an Italian confederation; the chance of ruling in the Leonine City; the chance of the Treaty

of September, which was understood to contemplate the civil sovereignty of the king in Rome, but to couple it with a condition, expressed or implied, that the second sun should never set or rise except in Florence, and that the pope should remain the only and august object offered to the eyes of the Roman people. All these chances had escaped. The Piedmontese, as the whole force of the Italian nation was then, but is no longer, called, corporally and materially held the city. But Pius the Ninth remained fast in his determination to carry on the war of words, and denounced the occupation of Rome, not only as a civil usurpation, but as an impious offence to be punished by excommunication. It was obviously either impossible, or in the highest degree impolitic, to check by civil means the denunciations which ostensibly proceeded out of the spiritual sphere, however much they may have invited and implied a readiness, even an eagerness, to receive the assistance of the secular arm. May it not possibly have been found that the necessity thus established of the extremest tolerance in the very highest circle entailed, if not in logic at least in policy, either a like necessity or a sufficient inducement for giving sanction to the like freedom on all the lower social levels? This is offered as a conjecture only. It is offered to explain a remarkable phenomenon. If it be a sound conjecture, then that chain of cause and effect is indeed one of curious interest, which has made the pope the efficient cause of an untrammelled freedom in speaking, writing, printing, which cannot be without its analogue in the faculty of thought that has these outward operations for its vent.

It is right, however, that I should supply an example of such freedom as is now actually at work, and enable the reader to judge for himself whether I have been picturing fairly this feature of the case. For this purpose I revert to the work of Dr. Antenori. Its contents are various, and include a chapter which copiously and stoutly defends indissoluble marriage, still the uninvaded law of Italy. But the portions of the work with which I have here properly to do, are of a more daring kind. They describe abuses of judicial administration especially in Sicily, and also the lives and manners prevalent in a high circle at Rome, with a strength of language not to be exceeded in the freest country of the globe. I do not at this moment either question the sincerity or assert the truth of the charges. But I

think that the reference which I have now to make to them, will render it easy to form a judgment as to the convincing testimony they bear to the existence of a freedom in speech and in printing, which undoubtedly satisfies in full the extremest demand of liberty, and which, on the other hand, could not be exceeded without the establishment of something like a public nuisance.

Dr. Antenori, in the work to which I have already made a brief reference, brings* a broad accusation of social immorality against the governing and administrative class. He charges a reintroduction of torture into judicial processes upon the authorities entrusted with the administration of the law of public security; a law due without doubt to the perilous condition of the country, from middle Italy southwards, when it was taken over from the former government, overrun with brigandage. Indeed it came into the hands of the newly constituted power not without risk of aggravation to the mischief from the discharge of the incurable portion of the old servants of the State, military or civil. Further under this head, he alleges widespread pecuniary corruption. Most of these charges are general, and inaccessible to legal challenge, yet not on that account, in some points at law, to public discussion and confutation. In the case, however, of processes tried at Naples in 1867, and another at Turin in 1880, he comes nearer to the mark, in associating local and subordinate agents of government with a work of pure plunder.† Finally, he shifts the scene to Sicily, and widens the ground of the impeachment. Here, according to him, the courts of justice are absolutely subservient to the functionaries of the executive,‡ nor does he exempt the Court of Appeal in Rome from his imputations as to a portion of its officers or members not very distinctly defined, while high honor is paid to the rest. The juries, as he declares, are sometimes chosen from the most worthless persons, or those most dependent on the governing authorities; sometimes made the subject of persistent inquisition and of persecuting pressure. Growing more and more particular as he proceeds with the case of his native island, he indicates places and persons§ either without any disguise or with one so slight as

evidently, and I assume consciously, to run all the risks of being called to account. I must observe in passing that he calls Sicily "the Ireland of Italy" (*questa nuova Irlanda d' Italia*),* and regards the case of our sister island as the common property of all who desire to illustrate by a familiar instance the evils of old and continuing misgovernment. In two detailed narratives of processes against individuals, from which even the element of torture is not wholly absent, not without support from verifying evidences, and prolonging his details through twenty or twenty-five pages with abundance of names, times, and places, Antenori draws a picture which, so far as it goes, might be thought to be a description of the Bourbon times, in the excesses of the executive, and the degradation of the judicial organs, against which, as he properly observes, the simple existence of good laws, a fact he never dreams of questioning, does not of itself afford a sufficiently operative guarantee.

My first purpose in referring to this impeachment, as free and as daring as if it proceeded from Burke in his assault on Warren Hastings, is to note its importance as a conclusive proof of the liberty now accorded to speech and printing in Italy. The work of Antenori was published in 1885; and it has remained as free from censure by authority or law as if it had been protected by the privilege of Parliament. But more than this. I can refer to some personal details, which appear to show that the freedom of comment on the acts of authority, of which Antenori's book exhibits the *ne plus ultra*, is not a thing grudgingly tolerated by the authorities of the country, but is on the contrary either regarded by them as a normal and inseparable feature of a constitutional system, or is even welcomed as a valuable aid in pursuing to their hiding-places, and tearing out of the soil, the last relics of old and ingrained corruptions.

On quitting Naples in the beginning of February, it was my agreeable duty to return thanks to the syndic of Naples, as head of the municipality, and to the prefect as the representative of the central government, for the unwearied and profuse courtesies with which, on account of incidents long gone by, both the one and the other had been pleased to greet me. I felt myself unable to acquit myself of this duty, so far as the prefect was concerned, without saying a few words as to

* *Studii Sociali*. (By) Giuseppe Antenori. Napoli: 1885. Chap. vii., p. 315.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 317-22.

‡ *Ib.*, pp. 326, 328-9, 331, 344.

§ *Ib.*, 346-70.

* *Ib.*, p. 349.

the impression which had been made upon me by what I had seen of the new system, and of its contrast with the old. For me there was no difficulty in assuring the prefect of my strong hope and firm belief that all the essential objects of the great Italian revolution were likely to be effectually attained. But I thought it would be less than honest, were I to omit all reference to remaining imperfections and drawbacks, if it were even for this reason, that they were an old and evil inheritance in southern Italy from the Bourbon period, which I myself had so actively endeavored at a former juncture to hold up to European reprobation. I therefore wrote, on the 8th of February, not of course without the use of apologetic expressions, to the following effect. That the work of national regeneration was a gigantic one, and that it could only be completed by a protracted struggle with evil habits and traditions, certain to linger among the agents, as well as the subjects, of power. I could not hope, though much had been achieved, that something did not still remain to do. I had read in the work of Antenori statements bearing upon the administration of justice, especially in Sicily, and on the relations between the political and the judicial organs of the constitution, which appeared to be of grave import. Finally, how much gratification it would give me if he could assure me that these charges either had been, or were capable of being, refuted. In writing this letter to the prefect, Count Codronchi, I took into account his high character and reputation, but I was sensible that, on the most favorable showing, I must rely largely on his indulgence, and that I had given to any person so predisposed a specious title to condemn me for officious obtrusion. The utmost I could expect in the treatment of my letter was leniency with some delay. But instead of this, a few hours after it had been delivered, I received at Amalfi, forty or fifty miles from Naples, a telegram from the prefect, which thanked me for the letter, and requested permission at once to publish it as it stood. I cite this as a signal proof that to the chief agents of government in Italy, publicity, though it may entail occasional inconveniences, has become not only an habitual but an elementary and vital principle of public life.

And now I come to deal with the drawbacks and shortcomings of the Italian Revolution. The most serious of them all has reference to the subject opened by Dr. Antenori; and it reminds us that where inveterate evils have prevailed, it

may be more easy, on a transfer of power, to recast the laws than to reform the administration of a country. To reform the laws, nothing more is required than the gathering together, with the sanctions of parliamentary freedom under an honest sovereign — and never were sovereigns more honest than Victor Emmanuel and Humbert — of a limited number of the ablest and most upright men, who have to act together in the eye of day, under the notice and, if need be, the censure, of their constituents, of their countrymen, and of the world. But when we come to the civil and judicial administration of the country, in its lower ramifications, and in remote provinces, where the atmosphere is little stirred by the breath and movement of free opinion, it is a very different matter. It must always be borne in mind that oppression, which may sanctify an individual, invariably degrades a people. The continued exhibition of contempt for right in the government and its agents, combined with impunity, corrupts and eats away the very notion of right, as to public matters, in the community at large. Nothing seems, for example, more plain than that in all the early stages of the French Revolution good intentions very widely and generally prevailed; but the abominable government, with which France had been cursed since Henry the Fourth, had so enfeebled the sense of public justice, that there was no force adequate to repress the turbid elements which of necessity exist in every community, that occasional outrage and excess left here and there a stain upon the cause of liberty from the first, and that fatal facilities were thereby furnished to its ever-watchful enemies. Even so in southern Italy, an ingrained corruption, which had become the ruling motive power of public transactions, could not but exhibit itself after the Revolution. There were many old agents of administration whom it must have been necessary to retain, and there were doubtless crowds of new ones, who had been bred in an atmosphere of prevailing laxity, and amidst a general absence of public spirit and of civil manhood. Yet more than this: they had been reared under a *régime* that abhorred and proscribed that publicity, to which I have assigned such an inestimable value, and by which the light is now let in, and the endemic mischiefs of the body politic will be first abashed and eventually expelled. On the charges of Dr. Antenori I give no opinion beyond this, that I believe it was well there should be a state of things in which

they could be made. I do not look to his very respectable testimony alone, or even principally, when I say that evidently a great, which must probably be a gradual, process of reformation and purgation is required in judicial operations, and in the influences brought to bear upon them, especially in the south; for in the north, the public life of the country, before the Revolution came about, had been more kept alive by practice and had a better fibre. If I am to point to a part especially peccant, I should name the manner in which some secondary members of the legal profession have made seats in the Chamber into an instrument for corrupting the judicature through their real or supposed power over the government, and through the pressure which its agents may thus be supposed to exercise over the judges in the provinces. Antenor cites a letter written to his clients by a zealous advocate, who fears he shall lose his cause unless he is provided with some coadjutor who is a member of Parliament. And I have heard on unquestionable authority, and with reference to an important sphere, of an instance in which a briefless barrister has acquired great power and large practice by becoming a member of Parliament, and by the fact or the idea, whichever it may be, of the influence he can bring to bear through executive agency on the determination of causes. Evils of this kind bear upon the face of them the hereditary mark of their association with the bygone despotism. Free institutions are their deadliest foe; and if these work freely, as they must work where publicity prevails, they will put an end to judicial corruption in Italy, as they put an end to it in England.

Like the relics of Bourbonism and of despotic rule in general, the ecclesiastical difficulty, so far as it is held to embrace ecumenical considerations, is one which it is not within the power of Italy or her government summarily to dispose of. I shall not attempt to discuss it at large. I will simply observe that real progress has been made in papal circles towards the acknowledgment of an Italian royalty and nationality; but that the claim to a temporal dominion, in Rome and we know not how far beyond it, is steadily maintained; and is prosecuted by some means which are indirect, as well as by manifestoes from time to time. I conceive it to be evident that this territorial question is one in which no foreign power can rightfully interfere. But there is, in most European countries, a party which maintains, strange

as it may appear, the right of Roman Catholics as such to determine by what government a portion of the Italian people shall be ruled. In some cases it is conceivable that contingencies may yet arise, in which this party may exercise an appreciable influence on the government of those countries, if not to the extent of avowedly instituting a crusade for the re-establishment of the papal throne, yet by promoting a policy hostile to Italy as a penalty for her refusal to entertain for herself the question of its restoration. This party may also stimulate the organization, within Italian borders, of a combination hostile to the established order, and disposed to undermine it. A friendly observer might be inclined to think that this state of facts seems to recommend to Italy a general policy rather of modesty and reserve than of ambition or display, so as to open no avenue of assault to the ill-disposed.

I turn however to a subject which appears to be one for more grave and urgent anxiety, that of the Italian finance.

In a case like that of Italy, where the chains of a nation have been riveted by the continuity of tyrannous practice through many centuries, the process of escape from them is of immeasurable difficulty, and liberty is a jewel for which a high price has to be paid. Consequently we may learn without surprise that, for much of the period since 1860, years of peace, as well as years of war, were years of deficit, that a huge public debt was unavoidably accumulated, and that it was only by great sacrifices on the part of the people and by heroic efforts that statesmen were enabled at length to establish an equilibrium between revenue and charge.* But unhappily the ground, acquired with so much labor, has again been lost.

Upon this subject I shall present some details, which will be principally taken from a clear and able report by Mr. Kennedy of the Roman embassy, presented to our Parliament in March last. The national debt of Italy, which on the 31st of December, 1861, stood at one hundred and twenty millions, has reached the portentous figure of five hundred and twenty millions; with an annual charge of twenty-three millions, which considerably exceeds that entailed by the debt of the United Kingdom, and constitutes nearly two-fifths of the entire expenditure of the country.

* Mr. Probyn, in his excellent book upon "Italy from 1815 to 1878," has to note this happy state of things, and (p. 351) very naturally assumes that after such a vantage-ground had once been reached, it would be steadily held.

That expenditure, for the current year, is taken at sixty-three millions; but if we add to this amount the special credits of five millions for the army and navy, it rises to sixty-eight millions, a sum never reached by our own peace expenditure until the year 1868, and considerably exceeding the (Federal) charge of the United States, a country which has more than double the population of Italy, and has the largest aggregate of estimated wealth in the world. To this charge of sixty-eight millions, there will, according to a return issued from the finance department, be an addition, already foreseen, for the five years 1889-94, rising from 1,160,000*l.* in the first year, to 5,200,000*l.* in the last, and averaging three millions and a quarter.

Deficits are again following one another in portentous sequence, like wave on wave, at the rate of several millions a year; that of 1887-8 nearly touched three millions, and the promise of the present year is even less favorable. Mr. Kennedy takes it, from the budget speech, at 7,850,000*l.* The present anticipation for 1889-90 is 3,800,000*l.*

The methods of covering these deficiencies appear to present mere expedients; except that, for the coming year, the minister proposed new taxes to the amount of two and a quarter millions. The proposals, not of expenditure but of taxation, led to a Parliamentary crisis. And indeed the taxation of the country has reached a point so burdensome to the population* as to excite wonder at the patience with which it is borne, and also to suggest the question, if such be the strain of peace, where is the margin for the doubled or trebled impositions which war might bring about; and are these vast outlays the way to power, or to impotence?

To all this we have to add that the produce of the existing taxes, instead of growing, has begun to diminish, that a great calamity has happened in the lapse of the commercial arrangements with France, and that the imports and exports of the country have shown in 1888 a decrease exceeding twenty-one millions sterling. Finally: Italy, not from caprice or economical illusions, but from the pressure of fiscal necessity or occasion, has come to be more and more a country of protective laws; even the import of corn is taxed, and in January I noticed the price

of bread in Naples to be higher than in London.

The printed speeches of various deputies have been before me, who in recent years have endeavored to rouse their constituencies or the Chamber to a sense of danger. And when, in February last, the budget of the year 1889-90 was produced, it led to a ministerial defeat, and a political crisis. For some days Signor Crespi was out of office; but, in the character of the indispensable man, he was restored. It seems difficult in Italy, as elsewhere, to make the individual elector, who has there the excuse that his class is new to its duties, aware of his responsibilities, as the ultimate corrector or source of mischief. And there has not appeared in the Parliament any widespread disposition to go to the root of the matter in searching out the causes of the vast expenditure, so that the crisis and the partial reconstruction have silently passed by without the introduction of any vital change in the financial situation. The Italian practice is to refer the budget to a committee (*commissione*) of the Chamber, which proposes such changes as it thinks fit either in the revenue or the charge, and which is at liberty to prejudge the case of any tax proposed without suggesting other means of supplying the public needs.* In December last (if I read its figures rightly), it augmented an estimated deficit of 54,000,000 francs to one of 68,000,000.

Now this condition of the finances, which is of course open to the friendly or unfriendly criticism of the world, is not, like the surviving corruptions of the administrative system, or the problem which has its centre in the Vatican, an inherited, and for the time inevitable, burden. In the main it lies within the control of the Italian government and people. They can if they please extract the sting; so that in respect to it, and to its possible consequences, they have on the one hand power which they may turn to account, and they have, on the other, responsibility from which they cannot escape. The day of half-measures seems to have gone by.

Let me conclude with a few words on the general position and office of Italy as a European power. By the favor of Providence she is, to use a Scottish phrase, eminently self-contained. She does not indeed now, as in Dante's time,† embrace the Gulf of Quarnero on the east, and she

* On this subject much may be gathered from the work of Mr. Beauchere on "Rural Italy" (Bentley, 1888), a book which would be still more valuable if the particulars in which it abounds were more carefully arranged and classified.

* Relazione della Commissione Generale del Bilancio. Roma: 1888. P. 74.

† Inf. ix. 113.

has suffered on the west the loss of Nice and Mentone, which England certainly regrets. But there lies a sublime barrier between her and the body of the European continent in the Alpine chain, which some even deem to be more effectual, as a defence, than the Channel which severs us from France. What a blessing it might on the whole have been, if some other great countries had been similarly fenced! It was natural fondly to expect, in contemplating the formation of a European Italy as it dawned upon the horizon, that she would find for a time, perhaps for a long time, more than sufficient occupation in the development of the vast resources which she possesses in her soil and climate, her seacoast measured by thousands of miles, and the great and varied gifts and admirable disposition of her people. And, having known something of Italy in the official relations of former years, I bear a willing testimony to this truth: that, so far as I may presume to speak, in the transactions of collective Europe she has acted as a conservative and as a philanthropic power. In the complicated and difficult arrangements consequent upon the Treaty of Berlin, her voice was ever for the right, and her influence was materially felt in that direction. Nor should our countrymen forget that she has acted all along in special concord with ourselves. It is true that she declined to take part in the settlement of Egypt after the revolution effected by Arabi, when the British government in 1882 deemed itself bound in honor by inherited obligations to undertake it. But she judged the matter, as it was her duty to judge it, from her point of view; and in my opinion she gave us no title whatever to complain of her abstention. It would, perhaps, be presumptuous in me to express the wish that, as she abstained from joint action at Alexandria, so she might have foregone sole action at Massowah. But I cannot help feeling a strong conviction that her true strength lies, at any rate for our time, within her own borders. She is still an infant State. What is hereafter to become bone is for the present gristle. Horses prematurely run not only lose the stake, but compromise their future. I am persuaded that Italy has not an enemy in the world. There is, indeed, on the surface as represented by the press of the two countries, much uneasy feeling between France and her great Transalpine neighbor. Causes of complaint, some of sensible and some of lesser moment, are alleged on her be-

half. But do they cancel the service rendered in 1852 by the Franco-Austrian war; and is it quite certain that, without that service, the national cause would at this date have reached its consummation in a free, independent, and united Italy, and a sixth member have been added to the European family of the greater States? In other generations, other centuries, there can be no doubt that, both from Germany and from France, Italy endured the most grievous wrongs. Since the Roman Empire (which required conquest by introducing law), she has been always the sufferer, never the aggressor. But to impute to any one of these three powers at this time a determined purpose of hostility to Italy, would be to imagine so strange a combination of wickedness and folly as does not usually happen, and as ought never to be presupposed, in human affairs. Neither does logic require, nor policy permit, records of obsolete offences to be kept. Nothing could be more senseless than that she should now cherish resentment against France, or Austria, or Germany. She has her own burdens to bear, her own problems to solve; and so have they. I have the strongest confidence that those who love her in this country, heartily desire that she should live in equal and in lasting harmony with them all. If we are to place in the balance, and weigh with reference to their bearing upon Italian interests, firstly, Transalpine storms; secondly, the smouldering resentment that still nestles in the Roman court; and thirdly, the vulgar and homely difficulty of pounds, shillings, and pence, with the suffering it entails upon the people and the perils of which it may be the parent to the State, possibly the dispassionate but friendly observer might give his judgment in something like the following terms. That the third and last-named problem impatiently awaits, and absolutely demands, its prompt and definitive solution from the temperance and courage of Italian statesmanship, and from the calm recognition of facts with the inevitable postulates following in their train. That the second, if it offers no present opening for the removal of all discontents, yet may, with a contented recognition of progress already made, and without intolerable mischief, await some more favorable conjunction of characters and circumstances. But that the first ought not to be in any sense a danger or a difficulty; that no peril can overhang the country from that quarter, unless she travel forth to seek it; and that to solicit gratuitously such a peril is to

reverse the beneficent discovery of Franklin, and to invite the destructive rage of lightning into hearth and home.

We are all the debtors of Italy in the mental order. She it was who trained us up to the modern civilization. We cannot repay the debt. But, if we are conscious of its existence, we can acknowledge it; and we can fit our conduct to that acknowledgment by the prayer that she may permanently discharge her high duties as a member of the European family by a steady regard to the welfare of that family as a whole, and by detecting and renouncing every temptation to sink back to the level of lower ideas and of narrower aims.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE HON. PERCY HERON.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SILAS P. CLAYTON (of the firm of Clayton & Trump) was one of the wealthiest men in Emersonville, and his house was the finest and most imposing domestic structure to be found in that rising Western city.

In a charmingly furnished room of this house, there was, on a certain afternoon in October not very many years ago, a lively discussion going on. Five persons were taking part in it—viz., Mrs. Clayton, her daughter Minnie, and her son George S., Miss Susie L. Trump, who was (for the time being) engaged to the gentleman whose name precedes, and a Mr. Nathaniel McCarthy, who was supposed (and not without reason) to be sighing after Miss Minnie, but whose sighs had not made any definite impression upon that charming young lady.

Mrs. Clayton was quite the recognized leader of Emersonville society, and she, with the assistance of her daughter, had just been sending out invitations for the first of her *soirées dansantes*, which was to usher in the winter gaiety of that city. The question that was being debated was whether an invitation should be extended to a Mr. P. Heron, a young Englishman then staying in Emersonville. Mrs. Clayton was of opinion that hospitality should be exercised freely and bounteously towards a stranger; her daughter Minnie thought otherwise, or, at any rate, maintained the opposite opinion. The others did not give their views decidedly, but spoke indefinitely, contributing information which might be used on either side of the question.

"Katie Chilcote told me," said Miss Susie, "that he was at the bazaar for East Fifteenth Street Episcopal Church. She's got a stall there, and he bought ever so many things of her, and spent about a hundred dollars in raffles, and never won a thing. So he isn't stingy, anyway."

"I don't know what that has got to do with it," rejoined Minnie. "We are not going to ask him to pay for his supper."

"Let us hear what the *Gazette* says about him," says Mrs. Clayton.

Mr. McCarthy had a little pile of newspapers by him. He took one, cleared his throat, and proceeded to read.

"*Emersonville Gazette*, October 5. 'Mr. P. Heron, from England, has registered at the Central Hotel in this city.'

"*Emersonville Gazette*, October 10. 'The Hon. P. Heron, who with his personal attendant is staying at the Central Hotel, is a young Englishman now on a visit to the United States. He has come to Emersonville to see the most remarkable instance of what Western enterprise and Western energy can do. We understand that Mr. Heron has expressed himself in no measured terms as greatly impressed, astonished, and delighted by what he has so far seen, and we hope that when he returns to his ancestral home he will be able to speak highly —'"

"Oh stop, do," cried Minnie; "we don't want to hear all that. Take away the papers, George. The thing is very simple, mamma. We don't know Mr. Heron, therefore we don't invite him."

"They say he is very nice, my dear," said Mrs. Clayton.

"I don't believe it. He is likely to be supercilious, and if he is polite he is certain to be stupid. Englishmen are never bright." (Miss Clayton had gone through a course of Bostonian novels.) "And perhaps he will drop his h's, and ask me to 'dawnce.'"

"They say he is good-looking," said Susie L. Trump.

"He is good-looking, that is true." Minnie flushed a little under the interrogative glance of her friend. "Yes, I have seen him. I met him in South Street yesterday. I knew he was an Englishman by the way he stared at me. And George told me who he was."

"He is the Hon. P. Heron," said Mrs. Clayton suggestively.

"That means that his father is a lord," said Susie rapidly, anxious to be the first to contribute this information.

"Now, that's something, anyway," said Mr. Clayton, junior. "Lords are not

plentiful in Emersonville. The British peerage hasn't discovered us yet. Let him come, Minnie, and fall in love with you. You would be delighted to reject a Britisher."

Minnie was ready with a retort, but just then her father entered, and was soon informed of the controversy.

"Papa will be on my side," said Minnie. "He is not so anxious to see strangers here."

"Well, I dunno," said Mr. Clayton. "As a general rule, no. But there are exceptions. Fact is I've taken rather a liking to this young man."

"Why, what has he done — how did you meet him?" There was a chorus of voices.

Mr. Clayton waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Well," he said, "I don't know that he's done much at present. If he has, I haven't seen it — maybe, because I wasn't there. But he was going over Franklin Street crossing just now, and I reckon his foot slipped or his ankle twisted or something, for he got down on his back mighty sudden right between the rails. There was a freight-train pretty handy, and coming along quite quick enough to be awkward. Well, as I happened to be in the immediate vicinity, I just helped him out of the way. Perhaps if I had thought he was a Britisher, I might have left him there to please Minnie, but there wasn't time to do much thinking."

"What did he say?" said Minnie eagerly. "He ought to be very grateful to you."

"Well, he said he was. He was very muddy, anyway. You can see some of the mud on my top coat in the hall, and I suppose you'll see some of the gratitude here in this parlor, for I have asked him round and he's coming this very night."

"Oh, how nice!" said Susie; "he'll make a little speech and say that he owes his life to you, and that he will never forget it, and so on. I should so like to hear it all."

"You may come, young lady," said Mr. Clayton. "George shall call round in case you mightn't find your own way."

"It won't be interesting at all," said Minnie. "He's an Englishman. If he were a German or an Italian, or even a Frenchman, now, it would be worth seeing; he would rush up to father and call him his deliverer and so on, and kiss him on both cheeks and perhaps shed tears."

"Minnie is thinking of Herr Rosenbaum," said her brother, "when you lent

him four thousand dollars to open a store with. He wanted to kiss us all round — particularly Minnie."

"For shame, George S. Clayton!" said his mother.

"But an Englishman won't do like that," Minnie resumed. "He would be ashamed to show so much feeling. He'll say, 'Awfully good of you to pick me up — I might have joined the majority, don't you know? Hope you'll look me up if you come to England. Might offer you some shooting, don't you know?'"

All laughed at Minnie's imitation of the English accent, and then Miss Susie said she positively must go, but that she would be sure to come in again that evening to witness Mr. Heron's display of gratitude. Meantime Minnie, having briefly dismissed Mr. Nathaniel M'Carthy, had gone to her room, where there was a piano and plenty of music. After a little deliberation she selected a sonata of Dussek's and practised it over three or four times. Then she sang an Italian song, and then one of Sullivan's ballads; and it should be stated that she sang and played very much better than most young ladies do. When she had finished playing and singing she sat still for a long time thinking. And her thoughts ended with the reflection that it was very strange of her father to bring round to the house a man whom he didn't know and whom he had literally picked up in the street. It was very absurd of him (dear old dada!) and very remarkable too — quite an event, indeed.

CHAPTER II.

MR. HERON called on Mr. Clayton that evening and was presented to his family. As he shook hands with Mrs. Clayton he said, —

"I believe I owe my life to your husband's presence of mind and quickness. As long as I live I shall be indebted to him. I don't know that the life he saved is very valuable to humanity, but I at least may be permitted to feel some gratitude. At any rate, I do feel it, and you must let me say so."

He spoke warmly, and Mrs. Clayton was a little moved.

"Well now," said her husband, "I don't know about what you have been saying. The cowcatcher mightn't have hurt you much. But I guess it's as well as 'tis."

Mrs. Clayton inquired if he had been much hurt by the fall.

"Very little indeed, Mrs. Clayton," he replied. "And a little arnica and the few bandages I have got on will soon put

everything straight. Nothing will remain of the accident except the memory and the obligation."

Soon the conversation became general. Mr. Heron spoke of his visit to America. He had come over to see the country, and he meant to diverge from the beaten track. Every Englishman looked at Niagara, and saw how pigs were massacred at Chicago; he wanted, if possible, to see something that was not down in tourists' handbooks. That was why he had come to Emersonville, as he was told it was one of the most characteristic of Western cities. He thought so too. He felt that he had got to understand a good deal about America during the few days he had been there.

Mrs. Clayton inquired if he was fond of dancing.

"Ah," he said, "that depends. It is only the ladies that really love dancing for its own sake. The ladies, in fact, are so fond of dancing that they endure their partners; with men the case is reversed."

"Ah," said Mrs. Clayton, "now if you refuse to dance while you are here, we shall know the reason."

When Mr. Heron had taken his leave — and he avoided the common error of staying too long — Mrs. Clayton turned to her daughter with a small air of triumph.

"Well, Minnie?"

"Oh, mamma, invite him if you like. I am sure I don't mind. I don't see anything particularly objectionable in him."

Miss Susie Trump was much more enthusiastic. Mr. Heron had such nice manners, was so very well dressed, in such good taste; it was easy to see he was well connected, and all that. There was no longer any hesitation about sending the invitation; the question now was whether Mr. Heron would come.

Mr. Heron *did* come to the ball. He had been intending to leave Emersonville, but postponed his intention. He explained this to Mrs. Clayton.

"Even if I had left," he said, "I would have come back."

Mr. Heron made a very good impression on Emersonville society on that evening. He was undeniably good-looking, and everybody agreed that he danced beautifully. And he on his side was quite enthusiastic about the ball. Never had he seen so much beauty and grace, so much vivacity and sprightliness; never had he enjoyed himself so much.

"Why, I would come over from England," he said to Mrs. Clayton, "for just another evening like that."

"Better stop here for a little while,"

was the reply; "perhaps we will ask you again."

This was already nearly a week after the *soirée dansante*, and Mr. Heron had not fixed the date of his departure. Soon he ceased to talk of going at all. He was travelling only for pleasure, he said, and he was best off where he was. It would be foolish to leave a place where he was so well treated, and was having such a good time.

Mrs. Clayton's house was not the only one where Mr. Heron was welcome. All Emersonville threw open its doors to him, and he went everywhere. And the city had never been so gay as it was that winter. The presence of a distinguished foreigner seemed to mark an epoch in the history of the town. Emersonville had left the provincial stage and taken a cosmopolitan position. Mr. Heron, with his many stories of the great world, represented London and Paris, Rotten Row and the Champs Elysées. Then personally he was extremely popular. He did his best to please, and he succeeded. The men were delighted with the free and easy way in which he spoke of personages and institutions. He was not a narrow-minded Englishman, insular and prejudiced; he delighted to ridicule the anomalies of English society, and had but scant respect for that monument of wisdom, the British Constitution. And he reviled the English climate, the London fogs, the grey skies, the sunless summer, the constant fear of rain. And he admired America, its customs, and its manners, not indiscriminately, but with certain sarcastic reservations, just sufficient to give a zest to his general tone of contentment. Mr. Clayton, for example, was never so pleased as when he declaimed against the locomotives "which you let run loose in your streets." And his comment on the sweetness of the champagne they drank as an almost touching instance of chivalrous devotion to the fair sex was felt not to exceed the limits of kindly criticism.

With the ladies he was a very great favorite, though they didn't care so much about his republican sentiments, which seemed out of place in an Englishman. Miss Susie, for instance, was sorely puzzled to know why he had not the prefix "the Hon." printed on his visiting-card. At last she found courage to ask him, and he seemed to think the question an odd one. But he said that he thought titles were ridiculous altogether, unless it was such a prefix as colonel or general which one had gained for oneself.

Miss Trump didn't agree with him, and she said so. And so she forgot her intention of inquiring further why he called himself simply P. Heron and not Percy George Hubert Heron. For the young lady had been making researches into the family history of the interesting stranger. She had procured a "Debrett"—the first "Debrett" that had ever entered Emersonville—and there she had found that Heron was the family name of the Earls of Eaglescliffe, and that their family seat was Hershaw Castle in the north of Lancashire; that the eldest son was still unmarried, and that Percy was the second; that he had five sisters—Gwendoline, Maud, Alice, Edith, and Clara. Miss Trump's inquiries may appear to show that she was taking a special interest in Mr. Heron. And in confirmation of this view it may be stated that she twice expressed the dislike and contempt she felt for her name of Susan, and on being asked what name she would prefer she replied on the first occasion Gwendoline and on the second Maud. And she danced with him a good deal. Everybody noticed that—Mr. Clayton, junior, most of all. But none of the young ladies had any scruple about stating their liking for Mr. Heron. Everybody agreed that he was handsome, that he had the nicest possible manners, and that he was "very, very bright." One could not help admiring the skill with which he parried the question whether English girls were prettier than American. This inquiry was put to him a hundred times, and no one could say what his opinions were. But the ladies were delighted with one concession: he admitted that the American girls were better dressed. English girls were apt to be dowdy, their dresses often didn't fit or had no style. American ladies were just perfect in these respects. Yet though Mr. Heron was so very popular from the outset, an event occurred after he had been in the city about two months which raised the tide of admiration still higher, and at the same time showed how thoroughly English he really was. It was at Mrs. Clayton's that he visited most often. Her *soirées musicales* were the boast of the city. Even the altogether unmusical appreciated the air of refinement which hung round the names of Chopin, Schubert, and Rubinstein. Mr. Heron attended these gatherings, and was as delighted with them as he was with everything else. And on one occasion after Minnie had been playing and he was applauding, she said,—

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"What a pity it is, Mr. Heron, that you do not play or sing. It is such an accomplishment for a young man."

Mr. Heron smiled, but said nothing.

Suddenly his skill and correctness in turning over the leaves of her music occurred to Minnie—flashed across her mind, as she said afterwards.

"Mamma," she said, "I believe Mr. Heron does play and understands all about music, though he hasn't said so."

Mrs. Clayton gazed at him; his smile grew more self-conscious and there were traces of a blush upon his cheek.

"Sit down at that piano right away," cried she, "and play for the rest of the evening, or we will never speak to you again." Mr. Heron made a comic gesture of deprecation and took his seat. He played a short piece of Heller's, and when he had finished Minnie sighed.

"I have never heard such playing; we must all feel very small just now."

"Oh, you bad man," cried Mrs. Clayton, "bad, bold deceiver!" she shook her finger at him menacingly; "we shall devise some punishment for you. And to begin with you shall play before Herr Neumeister, and he will criticise you terribly."

Herr Neumeister was the moving spirit of Emersonville in things musical. He had been Miss Clayton's teacher, and still presided over her musical work. The city was proud of Herr Neumeister; it was something to have a man who had known Liszt and Wagner. He came just then into the drawing-room with Mr. Clayton, and was told of what had taken place. His face put on an expression compounded of keen interest and judicial gravity.

"Play something at once, my friend; I will hear you." Every one looked on with some degree of excitement. Miss Susie was visibly agitated and nervous. Minnie succeeded in concealing what she felt, whatever it was.

Mr. Heron struck a thunderous chord and began. It was a piece of light, rippling music, sounding like happy laughter, now sinking into tenderness, now rising almost to passion, but underlying all there was a constant note of happiness and unconquerable joy.

"You play well, young man, very well indeed. You are almost a genius," said Herr Neumeister gravely. "And your *morceau* is very beautiful. But I do not know it."

"It is a little thing of my own," said the other, half laughing. "It occurred to me recently. I hope I may dedicate it to

Miss Clayton. I would like," he went on, almost shyly, "to call it 'Minnie.' I have tried to translate Miss Clayton into music."

"Young man," said Herr Neumeister, "I was mistaken in calling you almost a genius; *Lieber Himmel*, you *are* a genius! I tell you it—I, who have known Liszt and Wagner. That composition ought to make you famous."

The circle of listeners were enthusiastic, Mr. Clayton most of all.

"I do not say," Herr Neumeister went on, "that your piece is faultless. But it is a work of genius. And from an Englishman too! In England when I was there they really liked nothing but 'Home Sweet Home' with variations. *Ach*, it is wonderful!"

Mr. Heron was pressed to play again, and with a comic look at Herr Neumeister he struck into that piece of Thalberg's which had been mentioned by the laudatory German. He snorted disapprobation, but the others were really better pleased than they had been before. The conclusion was greeted with loud plaudits, and almost every one present felt it incumbent to compliment Mr. Heron personally.

"So you've been keeping the right bower up your sleeve all along," said Mr. Clayton, junior. "I don't know when the other piano-slammer will forgive you. They all feel mighty cheap, you bet."

"Well, young man," said the father, beaming all over, "I guess we don't exactly know who we've got here. But the way you've played it off on us is rather mean."

The object of all these compliments appeared not a little embarrassed. In tragic terms he implored Mrs. Clayton to save him from his friends. That lady put on an air of sternness.

"I shan't forgive you for a long time," she said. "You'll have to give a concert for our new church anyway."

"Oh!" exclaimed he, and was gone.

And then the chorus of admiration broke out again, and Herr Neumeister spoke many an oracular sentence of deep approbation. And the wonder was not only at his talent, but at the way he had hidden it. To be able to play like that and then to be content to listen—it showed how much depends on national characteristics. Mr. Heron was a thorough Englishman after all. No one could imagine a Frenchman or a German or even an American acting like that.

Miss Susie Trump regretted immensely that she had once told Mr. Heron that she

didn't care at all for music except dance music. She remembered too how, when she was a little girl, her mother had told her that she would be sorry if she neglected her practice. She felt that that time had come. She was not going to break her heart for Mr. Heron (or for anybody), but she couldn't help seeing how different he was from any of the young men of Emersonville. And among them her depreciatory glance included Mr. George S. Clayton, whose attentions were now growing a little wearisome. She was afraid she had offended Mr. Heron. His manner had changed towards her slightly, she thought. The change was very, very slight, imperceptible to any one but herself, but she dated it from a certain afternoon when she had had a long talk with him alone. She had asked him to describe Hershaw Castle. He had done so, very briefly.

And then she had extended her curiosity to his family. What were his sisters like? Did they write frequently? Was he very fond of them? To this he had made only evasive replies, and had hastened to change the subject. Looking back on that afternoon, she felt sure that her inquisitiveness had displeased him. She herself was ready to admit that it was in bad taste, if not actually vulgar.

Meantime Minnie was walking about her room at home with flushed cheeks. She had a habit of walking about when she was at all uneasy, and now she was quite excited. She remembered with painful vividness that she had been not a little proud of her musical ability, and pleased to display it to Mr. Heron. A red spot seemed to burn in each cheek as she thought how she had once or twice tried to instruct him how to admire correctly, how she had interpreted music to him, and told him a lot of things which he had listened to with the greatest attention. And perhaps he was laughing at her all the time. But was he? She thought over many different things he had said, and decided that if his admiration was not sincere it was a superb piece of acting. But she felt that that evening made a difference in their relations. They must now either be less friendly or—Minnie did not state the alternative to herself very distinctly, but she ceased to pace about the room. She untwisted the coils of her hair and let its soft brown masses come rippling about her shoulders, and then for a long time she sat gazing intently at the points of her diminutive satin slippers.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS had passed, the new year had come, and the month of January was more than half-way through its course, and Mr. Heron was still at Emersonville. He was by this time quite one of the accepted institutions of the place. He had given a concert, assisted by Minnie and the choir, in aid of the new Presbyterian Church; he had entertained his entertainers by a ball, in arranging which the Central Hotel was thought to have distinguished itself. And he had learned to like sleighing and had bought a sleigh of his own, the most "elegant" in the city.

And in this sleigh he was riding with Minnie one fine afternoon, while her father and mother sat in the little parlor and talked of them.

"Well," said Mr. Clayton, "I guess that young man hasn't stopped over here so long for nothing."

"Silas P. Clayton," said his wife, "this is your doing. You brought him here first."

"Is it all fixed up between them, do you suppose?"

"There's no doubt about what he thinks. I've seen it in him ever so long. And I guess Minnie has pretty well made up her mind now."

After a pause Mrs. Clayton added, —

"I suppose they will have to live over there?"

Mr. Clayton's face lost its radiance.

"I suppose they will," he answered slowly; "somehow that idea didn't seem to come to me before. I suppose I must have thought of it, but it didn't catch right hold of me."

"Perhaps," he went on after a little, "perhaps we are all wrong, and Minnie would laugh at us for a couple of old fools. There's young McCarthy now."

Mrs. Clayton shook her head.

When Minnie returned from the sleigh-ride her face was radiant, her eyes beamed, Her father was watching for her in the window, and she waved him a kiss, but ran up to her own room without speaking to anybody. Then she threw off her heavy furs, dropped into a rocking-chair, and began to sway herself to and fro gently. She was thinking, dreaming, musing, reflecting, remembering, conjuring up the dimly outlined future. She recalled the day when she first met Percy — she had for some time thought of him as Percy — and how he had stared and she had been a little angry. And she remembered, too, how she had disliked him, or had thought

she had. She understood that feeling now. And so her thoughts drifted on till she came to the sleigh-ride of that afternoon, and her mouth wreathed itself in frequent smiles as she thought of what had been said and done in that brief hour. His declaration — nearly shipwrecked by a passing complication of the reins, she laughed as she thought of it — and her responsive avowal, and the moment when, his hands still on the reins, their lips had touched and quickly parted again. And then she thought of him — so handsome, so graceful, so refined, admired by everybody. But all that was nothing; he was a genius. She was sure of his greatness. Her eye ranged round the room, and fell on the portraits of great musicians which hung on the walls — Beethoven, Schubert, were there, Chopin and Liszt. And she felt that he might by-and-by rank with these great names, and her bosom heaved with the pride of love worshipping genius. At last she sat down at the piano and began to sing. Mr. Heron had given her recently the "Spanischer Cyclus" of Schumann, and she fell on the last song. Her voice rose and sank again in silvery waves of happiness.

Der mich liebt, den lieb' ich wieder,
Und ich weiss, ich bin geliebt.

Her mother came to the door, and stopped listening awhile to the music. The song went on, and after a minute she turned away and left the young girl to her solitary happiness. Mrs. Clayton knew how to practise self-denial.

That evening Mr. Heron received a visit from Mr. Clayton, junior.

"I've come to bid you good-bye," he said, "good-bye for a time at least. We may meet on the other side, you know. Unless you stop here for good."

"You are going to Europe?" cried Mr. Heron astonished.

"Exactly. It is like this. Susie and I have quarrelled, and she has thrown me over altogether. We broke off before, and made it up afterwards, maybe we'll do so again. But it doesn't look like it just now. Anyway, I think I had better clear out for a bit. See what absence will do. So I am going to see Europe, beginning with the Britishers, and I thought I would ask you to give me letters of introduction to one or two people — just one or two, so that I may not be a complete stranger over there."

Mr. Heron looked at him with an oddly curious look.

"When do you go?"

"To-night. Everything is arranged. I don't take much baggage. Better buy it over there."

"And you want letters of introduction — of course — letters to people — letters —"

He trailed off into silence.

The other looked a little surprised.

"Of course if you don't care about giving them — if you don't wish me to know your friends — say so straight out."

"My dear fellow," said the other quickly, "pray don't talk like that. I shall be pleased to make you known to all my friends; but who are they, now?"

"There's your father, the Earl of Eaglescliffe. Susie seems to think so much of earls I want to see what one is like."

"The Earl of Eaglescliffe — yes, there is the earl certainly, and —"

He paced about the room, the other watching him with surprise and curiosity. Then he said, —

"Give me your address in London or — or New York. I will write to you there, and you may rely that I will do everything for you I can."

When his friend was gone Mr. Heron sat for some time thinking, brooding, meditating. The ladies of Emersonville would have been surprised if they had seen him there. He looked careworn, almost haggard. At last he rang the bell and summoned his valet.

"Smith," he said, "to-day is Tuesday, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am going to leave this place on Friday; you will stop a day longer and square up everything, and then come on with the luggage. Mind you are not to mention this to anybody."

Mr. Smith was very much surprised, but being a well-trained servant, he didn't let his surprise appear. He asked where they were going.

"To Chicago first of all, then to New York, and then back to England probably."

On the Friday afternoon mentioned Mr. Heron was starting to pay a visit to the Claytons. A letter was brought him, which he opened and read rapidly. It was from Mr. George Clayton, and to the effect that he had altered his plans and was not going to England. He intended to pass the rest of the winter in Cuba, and then to visit some of the South American countries. Hence the letters of introduction were unnecessary. Mr. Heron drew a deep breath of relief as he laid down the letter.

"This is a respite," he cried, "and yet —"

He started out to walk, and almost automatically took the street that led to Mr. Clayton's house.

He found Minnie alone.

"Mamma is paying visits, and papa is still at the office," she said, "so you will have to be content with my society. Can you endure a *tête-à-tête*, do you think?"

She smiled half lovingly, half mischievously, at him, and held out her hand.

He raised it to his lips. For a moment he bent over her as she reclined in her low rocking-chair.

"Percy," she said, "sit on that ottoman. I like to see you at my feet, you know, now and then at least, and talk. I am just dying to hear what you have to say. And then I've something to tell you."

He took not the ottoman, but a chair, and sat silent for some time.

"Why, Percy," exclaimed Minnie, "you don't look very cheerful. 'I shan't feel flattered if you continue to look so doleful. Why, what *is* the matter?'"

For his effort after a smile was a dismal failure.

"Minnie — Miss Clayton," at last he said, speaking very slowly, "I have a confession to make. What I have to say will make you hate me, or rather despise me altogether."

He hesitated, and Minnie was about to speak.

"Let me get it all out at once," he said.

"Let me tell you first of all that I am an impostor, that I have been living here all this time on false pretences, that I am a low, common adventurer — a swindler — a —"

"Mr. Heron," said Minnie, "before you call yourself any more names, will you have the goodness to explain what you mean?"

"This — that I have pretended to be rich when I am almost a beggar — that I have let you suppose I was well connected when —"

He hesitated for a moment, and then went on with a rush, as it were.

"My father, Miss Clayton, kept a barber's shop in the Euston Road — a second-rate thoroughfare in London."

Minnie's head seemed to become a chaos, a confused whirl. She remembered vaguely to have read of a Frenchman who (at Chicago, she thought) had given himself out for a count, had been received everywhere, and had only been discovered to be a swindler when he had escaped with much plunder from confiding jewel-

lers. Then on the other hand, there was the liking every one had for Mr. Heron; he seemed so amiable, so intelligent, such a perfect gentleman too. Then her own feelings and the sleigh-ride of a few days before—a burning sense of shame was the first distinct feeling to struggle out of the tumult in her mind.

"Miss Clayton," he went on, "I have come to tell you my whole story, and I hope you will let me go through with it. In an hour or two I am leaving this town, and you will never see me again. But I must speak first, and when you have heard all, if you can find some little shadow of excuse for me, if you can believe that I am not utterly base and villainous—I hope you will.

"When I was about sixteen it was discovered that I had a talent for music. But my father couldn't pay for my education. I had to go to business of some kind or other, and earn my living. I pass over some years of hopeless drudgery, dull, pack-horse work. At last my father died, and I was alone in the world, or nearly so. My mother had been dead for some years. I sold my father's business, furniture, everything. He had left some small savings, and I got all together and devoted myself to the study of music. My teacher was kind and encouraging, and prophesied brilliant success for me. But before my training was properly complete, he died, and I was left almost friendless; for I had counted on him to set me going in my profession. My money was almost gone. I hadn't been as careful as I ought—I had always a taste for luxury, and I was obliged to look for pupils. I had a difficulty in finding any, but after a while I had a few. I taught the five-finger exercises to reluctant little boys and girls. I hated the work and I was wretchedly paid. I struggled on and I worked hard. The jingling old piano I possessed used to resound for six hours a day. I hoped that I might one day be famous—by-and-by attain some recognition. At last I got so far that I was asked to perform at an important concert where only musicians appear. The occasion was very unfortunate. The attendance was meagre and not responsive. I was nervous, and I—failed. I had missed my chance. But I took to writing music. I composed songs, sonatas, and 'rhapsodies,' went through the whole cycle of musical composition, but to no purpose. I could never find a publisher or a conductor to give my works a hearing. I was disheartened and disgusted altogether with my

wretched, penurious life. One day, I remember it well, I came back to my lodgings and found two postal packets waiting for me. I knew what they were only too well—MSS. returned from music-publishers—and the sight of them almost enraged me. After a while I opened the packets and found a great surprise. One was a returned score, the other was a letter from a lawyer informing me that an aunt, whom I hardly knew at all, had died leaving me all her property. She had kept a public-house. The only time I saw her was behind her own bar, fat and florid, overdressed and vulgar—like all my connections. She was good-natured, and she had, though I didn't know it, been present at the concert where I broke down, and out of pity for me she left me all she had. It amounted, with the goodwill of the business and so on, to over 2,000*l*. My first feeling of elation soon gave way to the thought that this did not do much for me after all. The interest of that money wouldn't carry me very far, and if I spent the principal I should soon be as badly off as ever. I despaired of my career, and soon formed a resolution. At all events I would be free for a time, and escape the dog's life I was leading. Then the idea occurred to me to pass myself off for a man in good position, and try to make a rich marriage. A mean and miserable idea, but it didn't seem so then. I was sick of the scanty bread and water of honesty, and ready to see if quackery and imposition wouldn't succeed better. And a rich marriage seemed the most practicable thing. That idea brought me across the Atlantic, chance brought me here. You know the rest."

Minnie had listened to this long speech attentively, but like one in a dream. His voice seemed faint and far away. Now she nerved herself to speak.

"You have pleaded your cause with great ability, Mr. Heron"—she hesitated before this word—"but that doesn't alter the fact that you are an adventurer and what you called yourself just now. We certainly took you for a gentleman. We are not very skilled in reading character in this city, it seems. We are too hospitable to anonymous strangers."

"I have a right, Miss Clayton, to the name you know me by. I never claimed the prefix. I know I acquiesced in the mistake. I never contradicted it, and I allowed every one to believe it."

"Mr. Heron," said Minnie coldly, "it is quite unnecessary to say anything to settle the exact amount of fraud you have

been guilty of. I would recommend you to go away before your story is known. Our people are impulsive and not accustomed to draw fine distinctions. If you stopped here you might meet with some unpleasantness."

"I leave this very day in an hour," was the reply. "But there is one thing I must say first. It is just this. I never intended to entrap any confiding girl into marriage. If I found any woman who could really care for me I meant to tell her exactly how things stood. I am sure I meant this. But when I saw you my scheme seemed all of a sudden base and vile. I knew I ought to get away from here, but I couldn't. I loved you, Minnie, from the very first, wholly and entirely. And I shall always love you sincerely, passionately, hopelessly. And perhaps you will remember that I have told you all this of my own free will. Here is the photograph you gave me yesterday. You don't know how I would like to keep it, but I have no right. And I hope, though you will always think badly of me, that some day you will think as little badly of me as you can. You will say, 'He was an adventurer, an impostor, but he really loved me.' As for me, I know I have been horribly wrong all through, but my punishment is heavy enough, the punishment of never being able to forget you, never being able to help loving you."

Minnie did not speak nor look at him, and he moved slowly away.

In the porch he met Miss Susie, on a visit to her friend.

"Why, Mr. Heron, we haven't seen you for an age. You won't forget our dance to-morrow?"

"Miss Trump," he replied, "I am going away to-night and shall not be able to be present."

Susie looked very disappointed.

"Then you must come round and wish mamma good-bye, Mr. Heron. But we shall miss you dreadfully; at least I shall."

"I must say good-bye to you now, Miss Trump. And you must convey my adieux to your mother and my gratitude to everybody."

A tear stole down Susie's cheek.

"Mr. Heron," she said slowly, "I don't want you to go."

"Think kindly of me when I am gone," he replied sadly, and hurried away.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Susie. "Minnie has refused him after all."

And she sighed again.

Meantime Minnie had taken refuge in her own room. With burning cheeks and blazing eyes she paced about restlessly.

She felt deeply humiliated. She had become the victim of a vulgar adventurer. She had been entrapped into a confession of love. The memory of that sleigh-ride overwhelmed her with burning shame. He had kissed her. The thought outraged her self-respect. She felt insulted, disgraced. And she could not get free from the idea; it seemed to cling to her, to twine about her like a serpent, to sting, to bite. On the piano was the piece of music he had given her. The words seemed to mock her now:—

Der mich liebt, den lieb' ich wieder,
Und ich weiss, ich bin geliebt.

She tore the poor sheet into shreds, and then—then she threw herself on the couch, buried her face on the cushions, and burst into a tempest of tears. That was how she was found by her friend Susie, who came in full of curiosity and of pity for "poor Mr. Heron."

EPILOGUE.

THREE years after. Heron had returned ashamed of himself and humbly ready for any work. And he had patiently gone back to the little boys and girls and "First Instruction Book," and the five-finger exercises and "Lilla's a Lady." And he had worked in writing, not symphonies, but modest little rondos and cavatinas, which publishers had begun not to be afraid of. And he had gone over his old compositions carefully, excising, rewriting, and altering. And he had thumped away at a piano no less rickety than the one he had left—thumped away patiently, industriously, for whether he would attain success as an executant or a composer was still uncertain. Indeed, it was uncertain for a long time whether he would attain success at all, but he labored for it with tremendous energy. And in all and through all and beneath all there was the underlying hope that he might be able by-and-by to show certain people across the Atlantic that he was something better than a vulgar adventurer after all. Minnie perhaps in years to come might play his music to her husband and tell him his story not quite unkindly. And he found himself capable of patience. "He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding." He could wait; he waited, and at last he had achieved a great success. He had got the opportunity of playing one of his compositions to an audience accustomed to Beethoven and Schubert. And this time he had not failed. The musical critics had praised

his performance highly, and still more highly his composition; one had even echoed Herr Neumeister's praises, and had hailed the rising of a new star, the discovery of a new genius who might hereafter reflect glory on his country, not yet the native land of great musicians. The audience had been very kind, and when for an encore he by a sudden inspiration had played his "Minnie" impromptu, they had been enthusiastic, enraptured. He had left the hall feeling that at any rate he had taken a great step; the "Instruction Book" and its "easily fingered" melodies need trouble him no more. This was quite clear after a visit to a certain firm of music-publishers. He had called there by appointment, and came away thinking them the most considerate and courteous of men. He walked slowly down Bond Street, wondering if he was really going to be famous after all. At the corner of Burlington Gardens, he was stopped by an exclamation, —

"Why, if that isn't Mr. Heron now!"

"Miss Trump!" he cried out in some astonishment.

"Mrs. George S. Clayton," corrected the gentleman of that name. "We've been married a good deal more than a year. This is February, and we were married a year ago last December. 'Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December.' But what are you doing, any way? Are you still as fond of music as ever?"

"You haven't changed the least little bit," said the wife.

"By the bye," said Mr. Clayton, "when we were at Monte Carlo last winter we met another Mr. P. Heron. There was a lot of other initials, but I didn't keep count of them. Seems there are two of you. But the other one isn't as good-looking as you. Red hair and freckles; not at all bright either. I was going to tell him about you, but Susie said I'd best not."

Mr. Heron couldn't help seeing that the lady gave a nudge to her husband, who chattered away on other topics — the bad weather, the theatres, and so on.

By-and-by he managed to ask after the Claytons; he dared not allude to Minnie singly.

"Why, they're" — the young man began, but another warning nudge induced him to substitute "quite well and hearty" for whatever he would have said. "Minnie" — but this time a glance from his wife silenced him altogether.

"Is now Mrs. McCarthy, I suppose?" Mr. Heron continued.

"Don't you believe it," was the response. "Nathaniel certainly did fool round for some time after you left, but at last he concluded to try change of air. He's been married now nigh upon a year to a girl in Cincinnati."

They had been standing at the door of the Bristol Hotel.

"Won't you come in," said Mr. Clayton, "and have lunch?"

But Mrs. Clayton did not second the invitation, and he declined.

"Give George your address; we shall want to see you again," she said.

And as he took her hand at parting, her eyes met his and seemed to be asking questions.

The interview had been very unpleasant for him. He felt sunk, hopelessly lowered in his own estimation; his mind reverted to his last day in Emersonville, and the disgrace seemed too deep to be effaced. Whatever he might become, he had been a shameless adventurer. There would be always one place in the world where people had the right to think meanly of him.

Two days after he received a telegram. "Meet me 2.30 American Bar, Criterion. — Clayton."

He went, and was surprised to find not the son but the father.

"Guess you expected to see George," said Mr. Clayton; "but he and Susie went on to Paris this morning. Sit down and have something."

He made the usual inquiries about health.

"Quite well," said Mr. Clayton. "The fogs seem to suit us. We have been here some time. We are stopping in a hotel on Jermyn Street, just in the next block."

There was an awkward pause, and the arrival of the drinks that had been ordered was a relief. Mr. Heron bent over his glass and trifled with his straw. Mr. Clayton watched him with a sort of half-smile.

"This is a mighty fine city," he said at last. "There are no locomotives running round the streets here."

"Ah," said the young man, "I owe you my life and —"

"Ah," said Mr. Clayton, "don't say anything more about that." After a moment he continued: "It was only yesterday that Minnie told me why you cleared out so mighty sudden. Seems your father wasn't an earl after all. You didn't act quite square by us about it, did you now? No doubt you've been sorry for it since. That was three years ago, and we don't

run much to earls any way. Don't suppose there are many earls could beat you on the piano. You could give most of them a few points, I reckon. So come round to our hotel for an hour, Minnie will be glad to see you."

On their way Mr. Clayton told him that they had witnessed his triumph at the concert.

"When you played that encore piece, I felt kind of touched. I believe Minnie did too. And the other day Susie told her she had met you and they had a long talk together—about the spring fashions, I suppose."

They entered the hotel, and Mr. Heron was almost agitated as he saw Minnie's gloves lying on the table of the sitting-room.

"Guess I'll leave you here, young man," said Mr. Clayton. "Minnie will be down directly, I expect. I've got to fetch my wife from Earls Court, where she's been having lunch."

Mr. Clayton went away and he was left alone for some time, and then the door opened and the dear figure and face which had never been absent from his memory stood before him visible and actual.

When Mr. Clayton returned, he observed that a rose which had been in Minnie's hair was now in Mr. Heron's coat. He was playing vigorously on the piano, Minnie listening smilingly.

"That's a mighty fine piece," he said. "What is it?"

"Marsch der Davidsbündler gegen die Philister," replied the pianist.

"Ah, I don't know Dutch; Minnie understands it, I suppose."

"I'll run up-stairs and see mother," said Minnie. "Mr. Heron can go away or stop and talk to you, just as he likes."

R. SHINDLER.

From The Contemporary Review.

IMITATION AS A FACTOR IN HUMAN PROGRESS.

"IMITATION," says Aristotle, "is innate in men from childhood; for in this men differ from other animals, that of all they are the most imitative, and through imitation get their first teachings;"* and upon this fact he proceeds to explain the origin of poetry. Aristotle is so shrewd an observer that it is rarely safe to slight what he says; and for myself I venture to

doubt whether the part which imitation has played in the development of our race is often adequately recognized.

In many of the lower animals the principle of imitation does not show itself very prominently; most of our domestic animals, profoundly as they are influenced by man, show little tendency to imitate either him or one another. As regards man, they are rather his fellow-workers than his imitators. Amongst the birds, imitation shows itself, but almost exclusively in regard to song; many of our singing birds seem to copy one another; young linnets adopt the notes of various singing birds under which they may be brought up;* thrushes are said to follow the leading of other birds, and I cannot doubt that some or many of the utterances of the clever starling are imitative. Jackdaws, magpies, parrots, are all celebrated for the cleverness with which they learn and imitate sounds both musical and articulate; and the mocking-bird of the United States and the *Menura superba* of Australia remind us that this imitative quality is not confined to the Old World. But in these birds it would seem as if this quality were confined to sounds—for none of those which I have mentioned show, I believe, any general tendency towards imitation. The skill of the magpie in pronouncing words and even short sentences is well known. But Mr. Blackwall says that after almost daily investigation of its habits, he has never known it to display any unusual capacity for imitation in a state of nature, though when domesticated it appears to have this faculty more highly developed than almost any other British bird.†

But when we reach the monkeys the matter is different.

Of all the lower animals, they are the most distinguished for their mimicry—a mimicry which extends to most of the actions of the body, and even the expressions of the face, but which strangely does not appear to extend to sounds; for it has been observed, and I believe justly, that monkeys, even when long in captivity, never attempt to imitate the sounds of the human voice, but on the contrary retain their own peculiar sounds for pleasure and pain, for anger and joy.‡

It has indeed been suggested that, with regard to the lower animals, the faculty of imitation plays a larger part, and instinct

* Barrington, in Blackwall's *Researches in Zoology*, p. 301.

† Blackwall, *Researches*, p. 158.

‡ See Vogt, *Mémoire sur les Microcéphales*; *Mémoires de l'Institut National Gènevois*, 1866, pp. 163, 169.

* Poetics, cap. vi.

a lesser part, than is often thought — that, for instance, the likeness between the nests of successive generations of the same species of bird is due to the children imitating the parents in their work. It is impossible to deny that this may be so to some extent, and equally impossible to ascertain with precision how much of the sum of the habits of a generation or an individual is due to inherited instincts or habits, and how much to the force of imitation. There is, I believe, no doubt that birds teach their young to sing, and also give instruction in the art of flying, and so far they appeal to the imitative faculty of their young. But the early age at which the progeny leave the nest and lose the care and society of their parents would seem to show that the opportunities of learning by imitation are but small. In one large group of animals this opportunity is entirely absent. In great families of insects the mother lays her eggs, and both parents die before the eggs are hatched — die often in the autumn or winter, whilst the offspring do not leave the egg till the spring. In all these creatures the possibility of imitating the parent is reduced to zero. A father's or a mother's face has never been known to a single member of the race since the creation, and the children can have learned nothing from parental example. To what an extent have they been losers? They appear not less to follow the pattern of their parents than the birds or the beasts which see and are seen by their progeny.

This principle of imitation seems to lie deep down in our nature, amongst its most primitive elements. As every one knows, it is one of the most marked and charming traits of childhood; in one way or the other — in mimicry of what he has seen or heard — it calls out and educates all the faculties of the child, —

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Again, it is strongly developed in the microcephalic form of idiotcy, as has been very fully expounded by M. Vogt, and it is exaggerated to an extraordinary degree in certain morbid states of the brain; such patients are sometimes met with, who, instead of replying to a question, simply repeat the words of the questioner, and so give what is known to medical men as the echo sign. Again, at the commencement of inflammatory softening of the brain, the patient will often unconsciously imitate every word uttered within hearing, whether in his own or a foreign language, and imi-

tate every gesture and action performed near him.* So, too, amongst savages the same strong tendency has been observed.

They are excellent mimics [says Mr. Darwin, speaking of the people of Tierra del Fuego]; † as often as we coughed or yawned, or made any odd motions, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black, excepting a white band across his eyes) succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed them, and they remembered such words for some time. Yet we Europeans all know how difficult it is to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language. Which of us, for instance, could follow an American Indian through a sentence of more than three words? All savages appear to possess, to an uncommon degree, this power of mimicry. I was told, almost in the same words, of the same ludicrous habit among the Caffres: the Australians, likewise, have long been notorious for being able to imitate and describe the gait of any man, so that he can be recognized. How can this faculty be explained? Is it a consequence of the more practised habits of perception and keener senses, common to all men in a savage state, as compared with those long civilized?

Imitation as we see it in man seems to extend over a wider range of action and production than in any other animal. It is not confined as in the monkeys to the production of like attitudes or bodily acts; it is not confined as in the birds to the imitation of sounds; it includes all alike, and is characterized furthermore by conscious pleasure in the doing.

If Aristotle be right in the proposition that of all the parts of man, the voice is the most imitative,‡ and the observation already made as to monkeys never imitating with the voice be also true, there is in this particular a marked difference, something like an antithesis, between ourselves and our poor cousins.

Furthermore, in man imitation is not a single or homogeneous quality; it presents itself in different forms and degrees. It may, I think, be considered under three heads: (1) the absolutely involuntary imitation — *i.e.*, imitation neither voluntary nor connected with a voluntary act; (2) involuntary imitation connected with a voluntary act; and (3) imitation entirely voluntary.

All these forms of imitation agree, I believe, in their initial step, attention.

* Darwin, quoted by Romanes, p. 478.

† Beagle, p. 206.

‡ Rhet. iii. I.

Without attention, I suspect that no imitation can arise, and I have a strong conviction that it is often, though not always, in proportion to the attention given. A man who bought monkeys to act from the Zoological Garden at £5 apiece, was willing to give twice as much if he might keep them three or four days in order to select one, because he found that whether a monkey would turn out a good actor or not entirely depended on his power of attention. If when he was talking or explaining anything to the monkey, its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall or other trifling object, the case was hopeless. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained.*

Of the lowest form of imitation the elements seem to be—first, attention; and, secondly, a reflex action producing the like result without consciousness or volition or intention; and, thirdly, as a negative element or condition, the absence of any disturbing thought or idea—of any controlling volition or intellectual direction.

Of such imitation we have instances in the familiar infection of gaping or yawning, or even of laughter. Merely to see another gape often produces gaping in the beholder; not often if occupied with serious thought, but more often if in a comparatively unthinking mood.

Other striking instances are found in the idiot, or the patient suffering from softening of the brain. The microcephalous idiot whom M. Vogt examined is described by him as seizing and imitating each movement with the rapidity of lightning—strong evidence of close if unconscious attention.

A nunnery is, I suppose, an institution in which the pressure of thought is not very severe—where a small event can attract great attention, and where there are but few other thoughts necessarily present to countervail the effect of attention on the imitative principle. Such is the conclusion I should draw from two stories of nuns to be found in "Zimmermann on Solitude,"† the one event occurring in France, the other in Germany. In the first a nun began to mew like a cat; other nuns began to mew likewise. The infection spread till all the nuns in the very large convent began to mew every day at a certain hour, and continued mewling for several hours together, till their folly was

checked by the threat of castigation from a company of soldiers placed for the purpose at the entrance of the nunnery.

The German nun was even worse. She began to bite her companions, who all took to the same habit, which is said to have spread through the greater part of Germany, and even to have extended to the nunneries of Holland and Rome.

Something like this, though in a very much smaller degree, is said often to happen to girls' schools in England; one girl faints in church, and several follow suit; the whole attention of the girls is drawn to their interesting comrade, and the service of the church or the periods of the sermon afford no adequate counter-irritant for the interest, and off they go.

In 1787 a girl at a cotton factory at Hodden Bridge in Lancashire went into convulsions at a mouse put into her bosom by another girl, and the convulsions spread amongst the girls till the factory had to be shut up.* The dancing mania which in the thirteenth century affected, it is said, one hundred children at Erfurt, and which again in the following century appeared at Aix-la-Chapelle, and brought together assemblies of men and women dancing in the most violent fashion, and spread into the Netherlands; and, again, the *tigritter*—a form of dancing mania known in Abyssinia†—all these seem to be distinctly attributable to the form of imitation which I am now describing.

Even insanity seems communicable by imitation. *Folie à deux* is the name which the French medical psychologists give to cases in which the delusions of an insane person are imitated by a previously sane companion. The subject has recently attracted considerable attention both in England and in France, and interesting facts in relation to it will be found in the paper referred to in the note.‡

Lastly, whatever truth there may be in the stories of were-wolves, or men assuming the habits of wolves or of dogs, and running about on all fours like the creatures they affect,—whatever element, if any, of truth there may be in such stories, which are so inveterate as to have seemed an old superstition to Pliny in his day,§ must, I conceive, be attributed to a like unconscious imitation producing, by a reflex action in a weakened or diseased

* Hecker's Epidemics of the Middle Ages, translated by Babbington.

† See Hecker.

‡ Dr. D. Hack Tuke on *Folie à Deux*, in *Brain* for January, 1888.

§ Lib. viii., cap. 22.

* Darwin, *Descent*, vol. i., pp. 44, 45.

† Second part, 6th chap.

mind, the likeness of the object of its thoughts and attention.

It is impossible to pass away from the consideration of this kind of imitation without pausing for one moment to reflect on the most marvellous character of the operation which is involved in it. An action is observed, and then, without consciousness of that observation, without any desire to imitate it, the appropriate nerves set in action the appropriate muscles, and the like action is produced by the beholder. Call this action what we will, the fact remains equally marvellous, and fails to excite our wonder only because it is one of a group of equally strange facts in our constitution which are too familiar to arouse thought in the minds of most men.

These illustrations have reference to muscular activity, but equally if not more remarkable are the examples of the influence of imitation in the domain of sensation. The involuntary imitation of pain may sound strange to many, but it seems well established that not only pain may be produced in this way, but also the physical symptoms that accompany pain, such as swelling and irritation. I do not rely on the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi (though the evidence as one sees it at second or third hand seems very strong), but on cases which have in recent years come under the care of medical men in England and France. In one case a lady suffered intense pain accompanied with a red mark on the ankle in consequence of sympathy excited by witnessing a child in whom she was greatly interested in great danger of having his ankle crushed by an iron gate; in another case a lady's lips and mouth became enormously swollen from seeing a child pass the sharp blade of a knife between its lips.*

We now come to consider what I have called the second form of imitation — viz., that which occurs when we voluntarily and consciously do an act, but, nevertheless, without volition, sometimes without consciousness, do it in a manner dictated by the principle of imitation. In these cases we do what others do, not from a wish to imitate them, but because it seems more easy or more natural to do as they do, and even if with consciousness, yet without any definite wish or desire to imitate our fellows. Suppose, for instance, I go into a shop to buy a necktie, and I buy one of the kind most in vogue, I do so, not because I have the remotest wish to be fash-

ionable, or to imitate some leader of the *ton*, but because the color and form prevailing have impressed themselves on my eye, and the trouble of selection is saved by following that impression. Even if I am conscious of imitation, I hardly determine on it or wish for it. If I were a man of fashion I should probably imitate some person with a full desire and determination so to do; if I were an æsthete, with a mind fully alive to the eternal principles which should regulate the color of neckties, and fully conscious of the enormity of the prevailing shades, I should avoid the lapse into imitation as a mortal sin; and in either case I should be saved from the kind of imitation to which I refer. This evidently involves a certain passivity of mind as to the way of doing a thing. The same thing occurs in literature and in art; some great man writes or paints in a particular style, and all the little people follow suit, and are often vexed and honestly surprised when you tell them that they are imitating the manner and style of some well-known man.

Of this second kind of imitation another instance is, I suppose, offered by a fact not uncommon — such as this; an Englishman goes to reside in America or in Ireland, and after a few years, or even months, acquires the peculiarities of expression, the delicate differences of utterance which separate the speech of his place of residence from that of his place of birth. In this case there is no question of volition; he probably desires to retain his national pronunciation; there is no consciousness, for he is generally surprised, if not annoyed, at being told by his English friends that he has acquired a new dialect or brogue, but he has given some attention to the pronunciation around him, and by a purely reflex action he comes to pronounce as he hears.

A still more remarkable case of the same kind is presented by the infectiousness of stammering. It is notorious that one person, especially if young, may catch the habit from another; and here the force of imitation, even more strongly than in the case of an acquired brogue, acts, not only without, but even against the wish and volition of the person. A strong desire — nay, determination — not to catch the trick is, I believe, no certain protection against the power of involuntary imitation.

This independence, both from volition and from consciousness, which characterizes so many forms of imitation, is very noteworthy. The attention may be given

* Dr. D. Hack Tuke, *Influence of the Mind upon the Body*, 2nd ed., vol. II., p. 35 *et seq.*

unconsciously, the act may be done unconsciously, and the imitation may be unconscious; and this is true, not only in the case of mechanical acts or bodily gestures, but it regulates also the influence of imitation on our highest nature. "Our moral standard," says Miss Wedgwood, "is influenced far more by those actions which we admire or condemn than by those which we endeavor to imitate. A thousand accidents decide what part of our neighbor's conduct shall be the model of our own, but our ideal acts on us at every moment, and influences our whole being in a region far deeper than the conscious will."*

The elements of this form of imitation therefore seem to be: (1) the attention given consciously or unconsciously to the act done by others; (2) the voluntary doing of an act connected with the object to which our attention has been drawn; (3) the doing of the voluntary act in an imitative manner; and (4) as a condition, the absence of any volition as to the particular mode of doing the act.

This kind of imitation seems to result from the natural desire of the mind to economize its labors; for I suppose that it is easier to do what is thus done before us than to do something else; and the reason is not difficult to suggest. The sight saves us the trouble of initiation—the throes of originality. Out of the infinite number of ways in which we might do a thing we must select one, and the eyesight suggests one; if we do not do that thing in that manner, we must reject the suggestion of our senses, and choose some other way, and upon some other suggestion, or upon some other principle, or for some other reason.

We come now to the highest form of imitation, that in which man seems to stand far ahead of his fellow-creatures—I mean conscious imitation. Here we consciously and voluntarily do some act which we have seen another do, or heard of another doing, or we make some sound like a sound which we have heard, or we assume some gesture which we have noticed, or we paint a picture like something which we have seen.

In this form of imitation the mind is again largely influenced by the principle of economy. Through the infinite possibilities of action at any moment of time, the eye or the ear which has seen or heard something offers a guide ready at hand, which will save the pain of choice. The

extent to which persons of social character and no great originality of thought do and say what they have seen done and heard said is a matter of amusement to any one who has a mind to perceive it.

But another principle in our mental constitution seems a main foundation of this kind of imitation. It is a curious fact that up to a certain, or rather an uncertain, point, the perception of identity or likeness between two things is in itself a source of pleasure to man.

Every one who has observed children knows the keen delight with which they first perceive the likeness between two things; that to recognize in a picture a thing which they have actually seen is a distinct enjoyment; that in the same way the second telling of a story, or the second playing of a game, seems to give an additional and independent pleasure to the child.

And so with ignorant people when they look at pictures, the great, if not the only source of pleasure seems to be the detecting of the likeness to something they know. They pass by the pictures which might communicate new ideas, and rejoice to find some face or some place which they know. "Law! ain't it like," is the genuine expression of their pleasure, and lets us see the source whence it is derived.

And so, even after the artists of Greece and Rome had reached their highest levels and done their best work, the critic of art found in the exactness of the likeness one of the highest, perhaps the highest element of excellence. The birds that flew to the grapes of Zeuxis, the horse that neighed to the painted horse of Apelles, the painted curtain of Parasius that deceived Zeuxis himself, these seemed to Pliny,* and I suppose to the ancient world generally, to be the highest tributes to the excellence of the artists. Probably our modern art critics would look with considerable contempt on the judgment of their predecessors, and I am not concerned to consider the extent and the detail to which a portrait or a landscape should strive to imitate the original; but imitation—*i.e.*, the production of one thing like another—lies at the bottom of the art, and even now, and even to the most cultivated beholder, the perception of this likeness is a sense of direct pleasure. However much we may seek to lessen the sphere of mere imitation in art, it is, I suppose, certain that pictures which cre-

* The Moral Ideal, p. 76.

* Lib. xxxv., cap. 10.

ated no sense of likeness to any known thing would soon cease to please.

To this pleasure which human nature feels in iteration — repetition for its own sake — language bears abundant testimony. The forms of poetry in different languages are extremely various, but they are, so far as I know, all based on the repetition of something. In Hebrew poetry the poet relied on the likeness of the two limbs of each verse the one to the other, as a source of pleasure in the hearer; in Anglo-Saxon poetry the chief reliance was on alliteration, the repetition of the same letter; in the classical poetry of Greece or Rome on the repetition of the same arrangement of sounds of divers lengths; in our own on the repetition of the same series of emphasized and unemphasized syllables; in rhyme on the recurrence of a like sound.

But of all arts and crafts of human life, the stage speaks loudest of the pleasure derived by man from imitation. To say that that is the sole source of the pleasure conferred by the histrionic art, from its first rude elements to its highest development, would perhaps be to go too far. But that it is the main and principal one, cannot admit of doubt.

The stage, again, is one of the most pointed illustrations of the truth of Aristotle's remark that the imitation of pain gives pleasure. That tragedy should exist as a pleasure is an emphatic statement of it. The pleasure from the imitation conquers the pain from the pain, and we are pleased. So deep-rooted and so strong is our love of imitation.

I have thus dwelt upon the pleasure derived from the mere fact of repetition — of iteration — of which imitation is a particular instance. I must add one caveat before I part from the subject: repetition may be so frequent, even though of a thing pleasant in itself, as to grow wearisome and tedious, to become, in the language of Shakespeare, "a damnable iteration."

If we could get back to the cradle of human civilization and see the weakling in its swaddling-clothes, we should, I suspect, find that the capacity for imitation in all the various forms in which it exists in man and the pleasure derived from its exercise were playing a vast part. Indeed, the thought which I desire to suggest for consideration is this, that the superiority of this capacity in man is one of the main causes of the great difference which exists between him and any other creature — of his progress in civilization

and of his capacity for a moral and religious elevation beyond his own natural level.

Let us try to conceive in imagination the difference between a creature endowed with a great power and love of imitation and the same being without this endowment. The one would find in all the sounds of nature, in all the forms of natural things, materials which he might make his own and convert to his own use; he would find in the habits and proceedings of other creatures, hints by which he might improve his own modes of action; and any exceptionally high level of intellectual or moral excellence reached by a single individual might become the object of imitation to the whole race. In the case of the same being, but unendowed with the gift of imitation, none of these things would happen; the same surroundings might exist, but they would be inoperative on his mental condition. The creature would be without means of lifting itself above the original level of its notions and instincts; it would have no fulcrum by means of which to erect itself above itself.

Is what I thus suggest verified by what we can know or surmise of the primitive life of mankind? "The Kamtschadales," says Captain King, who sailed with Captain Cook on his fatal voyage and continued the narrative of that voyage after his death,* —

The Kamtschadales very thankfully acknowledge their obligations to the bears for what little advancement they have hitherto made, either in the sciences or polite arts. They confess that they owe to them all their skill both in physic and surgery: that by remarking with what herbs these animals rub the wounds they have received, and what they have recourse to when sick and languid, they have become acquainted with most of the simples in use among them, either in the way of internal medicine or external application. But what will appear somewhat more singular is, they acknowledge the bears likewise for their dancing masters. Indeed, the evidence of one's senses puts this out of dispute: for the bear-dance of the Kamtschadales is an exact counterpart of every attitude and gesture peculiar to this animal, through its various functions: and this is the foundation and groundwork of all their other dances, and what they value themselves most upon.

The emu dance and the kangaroo dance of the Australian natives are no doubt in like manner derived by imitation from the ani-

* Captain King, *Voyage to the Pacific*, by Cook and King, vol. iii., p. 307.

imals which have most attracted the attention of these savages.

If we again imagine ourselves beside the cradle of the civilization of our race, and inquire what peculiarities of the human creature differentiated it from its fellow-animals and made civilization possible, we should find, I suspect, that one of the most marked of those peculiarities was the capacity to utter, to give out, to express, to make known to its fellows, in some form or the other, the images which were present to the brain and the thoughts which dwelt in the mind. Of these modes of utterance, speech has grown to be so completely dominant, that we sometimes forget the other means to which the race has had, and still has, recourse. The principal forms of human utterance may be classed under gesture-language, picture-writing, word-language, and word-writing; and at the base of all these the principles of imitation will be found to lie.

Gesture-language consists in the imitation by gesture of the principal, or some one or more of the principal, characteristics of the thing to be described, coupled with a designation of things present by actually pointing to them. Such a language is found to subsist almost as a mother tongue amongst large congregations of deaf and dumb people, especially if ignorant of any other language, and it is carried to a great development or, I might say, perfection. It has been found, too, amongst the Cistercians laboring under the dismal rule of their order, and amongst Indian tribes often meeting, but ignorant of one another's speech.

Mr. Tylor has given a very curious account of this language as it exists in the Berlin Deaf and Dumb Institution. Of the nature of this language one or two illustrations will be enough. The left hand closed so as to represent a chimney, with the right fore-finger placed over it so as to imitate steam, signifies a railway. A motion in imitation of that of rowing means England or Englishmen, whilst actions like cutting off the head and strangling depict the countries and people of France and Russia respectively. This mode of communication is plainly based on an imitation by gesture of the thing thought of.*

But the picture-writing of the savage tribes is not less plainly based upon imitation of another kind: viz., the production by the art of drawing of a likeness to

the object thought of. Specimens of this kind of communication have come to us, especially from the Indian tribes.*

How far the imitation of natural sounds is the origin of word-language is a large and much debated question, at which I can only glance. "Words," says Aristotle, "are bits of mimicry."† This may be, and probably is, far too wide for an exact statement of the truth; but even the most zealous opponents of the mimetic origin of speech admit that "there are names in every language formed by mere imitation of sound;"‡ and I am not now concerned to inquire into the matter more exactly. But if we may venture to conceive of the origin of speech from its present structure, I cannot, for one, entertain any doubt that imitation of this kind has played a certain not inconsiderable part amongst our first articulate forefathers. They listened to the noises of the wind in their pine woods, or their alder swamps, or the scattered birches on their hillsides, or heard the rapid flight of wild birds disturbed in their haunts; and by imitation they produced words like the *sough*, and the *sigh*, and the *whirr*, and the *whizz* of our own speech. They stood by the dark mere or the moorland stream, and *splash*, and *dash*, and *gurgle* may recall the noises they heard. They listened to the inarticulate cry of their fellow-creatures, and words like *cuckoo*, *hoopoe*, and *peewit* still recall the imitative names which they bestowed on them.

In like manner we have words descriptive of the noises produced by the collision of hard bodies, like *slap*, or *rap*, or *crack*; or of softer bodies, like *thud*, or *dab*, or *whack*; or of the sounds of animals, like *purr*, *buzz*, *hum*, *boom*, and *quack*; or of human interjectional or inarticulate sounds, like *áxos* and *ache* from *ah*! or *Geschmack* from the smacking of the lips, or *huff* from the inarticulate utterance of arrogance; or *cough*, or *hiccough*, or *giggle*, or *chuckle*, or *laugh*, from the familiar noises which they represent.§

The same fact was familiar to the Latins, as evidenced in their own language, and St. Augustine (who had taught rhetoric with distinction at Carthage) dwells in a remarkable passage on the harmony between the sound of the words expressing a thing and the thing expressed. The

* See Taylor's Alphabet, i. 15.

† Rhet. iii. 1.

‡ Max Müller, Science of Language, eighth edition, i. 409.

§ See Farrar's Origin of Language, chap. iv; Lubbock's Primitive Civilization, chap. ix.

* Tylor's Researches in the Early History of Man-kind, 1865, chap. ii.

tinnitus of brass, the *hinnitus* of horses, the *balatus* of the sheep, the *clangor* of the trumpets, the *stridor* of chains, are all illustrations of this coincidence.*

But the influence of the imitative principle on the structure of language does not cease with this simple mimicry of sounds. It tends to produce a likeness between some quality of the thing and the word expressive of the thing. If we contrast our words *rough* and *harsh*, on the one hand, and the words *soft* and *smooth*, on the other, we are conscious of a fitness in the respective words to the qualities signified. The Latins saw a like contrast between such words as *lenitas*, *voluptas*, *mel*, on the one hand, and *asperitas*, *crux*, and *acre*, on the other. Nor is it in single words only that this desire to fit the word to the action prevails. In the formation of sentences it has continued to claim a place amongst the ornaments of the most cultured languages. From Homer, with his imitation of the clattering of horses' hoofs, as they rush wildly on in confused medley —

πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κátαντα, páραντ' τε, δόχμ' α' ἤλθον (Iliad xxiii. 116),

to Tennyson, with his —

For the fleet drew near,
Touched, clinked, and clashed, and vanished,
all poets have more or less loved and used this figure of rhetoric.

How far the manual and technical arts of human life owe their suggestion and origin to imitation is a point which, so far as I know, has not been fully considered. That the first canoe was made in imitation of a rotten tree which had served as a ferry boat; that the first pillar was constructed in the likeness of the erect tree; that the Gothic arch was made to represent the over-reaching boughs in some forest glade; that the triglyph in the Doric frieze represents the ends of the cross-beams which rested on the architrave, — all this seems very probable, and suggests that further investigation might show that to a great degree imitation of the objects of nature, or of earlier structures, underlies all the various arts and products of human labor.

I have hitherto dealt with the play and scope of the imitative faculty in the first inception of human civilization, in the acquisition of the arts and of the power of communicating ideas. Its part has, I sus-

pect, been yet greater in the transmission from generation to generation of language and the arts and crafts when once acquired.

In respect of language we see this both affirmatively and negatively in a very striking way. We know that French children imitate their parents in speaking French, and English children in speaking English, and we know that (at least before Board Schools) men and women imitated their neighbors and spoke dialects, and that particular families have particular modes of expression or pronunciation which distinguish them even from their neighbors — all evidences of the extent and delicacy of the operation of the faculty of imitation.

If possible the negative instance is clearer to prove that imitation is the only means of the communication of language. A child born deaf cannot hear the sound of its parent's voice, and though quite capable, as regards its organs of speech, of producing the like sounds, does not in fact produce them, for the simple reason that imitation is wanting. Cut off the means of imitating one of the most precious possessions of our race, and the whole stream of tradition is stopped by an impassible barrier; the gift of speech which has passed from sire to son through untold generations reaches not the deaf child. What a light this single fact throws on the value of this tendency to the human race! If it did not exist, no acquirement of the parent would pass to the child any more than now the power of speech passes to the deaf child; every generation would have to start *de novo* from the dead level of untutored humanity.

But something has been done even for the deaf-mute. The utterance of speech by a human being produces two results — first, the most obvious one of a sound audible by the ears; and, secondly, motions in the organs of voice, including the top of the windpipe and the mouth. Now from the former of these the deaf-mute is cut off, and the most ordinary impulse to speech is withdrawn; the latter is still open to the sufferer, and by directing his attention to the movements of these parts, and allowing him to follow them by his finger, he is enabled, not only to associate with the movement the meaning of the words produced, but by imitation to reproduce, though imperfectly, the word spoken.

In these facts we have an illustration of what I may call the richness of our human nature in its power of imitation, and of the

* See a passage from the *De Dialecticâ*, cited, with emendations, by Max Müller, *Science of Language*, eighth edition, ii. 348.

extent of its desire to imitate; for we have one and the same thing, speech, the result of two different kinds of imitation, one having its imitation in sound, the other in the perception of motion in another man's organs.

But it is not with regard to speech only that imitation is the means of transmitting acquirements from one generation to another. It would be too much to say that all teaching depends on imitation, but it would not be a very gross exaggeration of the truth. Are you drilling children, or teaching gymnastic exercises? You show them how to act, and you bid them do as you have done. Are you teaching drawing or painting or any manual craft? You do the same. Are you teaching them how to read Greek, or to pronounce French? You do the same. The communication of pure statements of fact and of mere intellectual truth obviously involves nothing mimetic. But the teaching of everything which requires the pupil to do as well as to know, does involve and rest upon imitation.

If this be a true view of the facts, it seems to follow that the whole progress of the race of man depends on the extent of this faculty; it enables each new generation to do with ease all that the preceding generations may have learned to do with difficulty.

We know well that imitation is strongest in youth; that in youth, too, it is easiest to learn; on the other hand, we know that in old age, habit is strongest. Now, what is habit? It may, I believe, be defined as the imitation of ourselves.

Seeing how much we imitate others, how we imitate most those with whom we are most and those whom we most esteem and love — it would be strange if we did not imitate ourselves, for there is no one else so habitually present with us as ourselves, — no one to whom we pay more attention, — rarely any one whom we more regard with affection. We have all the conditions necessary for abundant imitation, both conscious and unconscious. And to this correspond the facts with regard to habit; weak in youth, it grows with our growth, and gets more and more absolute with age; acts done originally only after thought, and with volition, get to be done all but unconsciously; and there reigns over us a power for good or for evil — as the nature of our habits may be — which renders change difficult, and the force of the example of others weak. Imitation of others and habit are mutually exclusive, only because we cannot imitate

two different things at once. The mimicry of others, which is one of the most amusing traits of childhood, disappears, we well know, within a few years, and fixed habit is, as I have already said, one of the most distinctive traits of middle, and still more of advanced life. "Imiter, c'est un besoin de nature; nous imitons, jeunes autrui, vieux nous-mêmes."*

I have spoken of the transmission of language and arts by imitation. Are habits transmitted by heredity? Does the child inherit, as a matter of nature, the acquired habits of the parent? The question is of high moment in estimating how far imitation adds to the original store of the child. But it is a question upon which just at the present time there is much controversy.

On the one hand, we have Mr. Darwin offering a collection of instances of inheritance which include amongst them cases of the inheritance of injuries and mutilations, especially, or perhaps exclusively, when followed by disease, such as that of the cow which having lost a horn from an accident, with consequent suppuration, produced three calves which were hornless on the same side of the head; and, again — and these are more directly to our point — cases of the inheritance of acquired habits under circumstances which seem to exclude as a possible source of error the imitation of the parent. English boys when taught to write in France are said to cling to their English manner of writing; an infant daughter in a cradle is said to have imitated the peculiar attitude in which the father was accustomed to sleep; and another little girl to have imitated her father in a strange way of expressing pleasure on his fingers, which the father had practised when a boy, but concealed as he grew older.†

Experiments have been made upon guinea pigs by M. Brown-Séquard, and upon dogs by MM. Mairat and Combe-male, which tend to show that artificially produced disease may be transmitted by descent through one or even two generations.‡ On the other hand, M. Weismann,§ in his discourse upon inheritance, invites us to an opposite conclusion. He contends that the cases cited are of little or no scientific value; he adduces certain physiological reasonings or speculations

* Roux, *Pensées*, p. 85.

† Darwin's *Variation of Plants and Animals*, ii. 6, 7, 23, 24.

‡ *Comptes Rendus*, vol. cvi., p. 607.

§ Ueber die Vererbung, Jena, 1883; and Mr. Moseley's article, *Nature*, vol. xxxiv., p. 629.

which he thinks inconsistent with the alleged descent, he argues that the proposition is not essential for the explanation of the facts of the case; he further insists that new characters are not necessarily acquired characters, but that many of those commonly so considered really depend "on the mysterious collaboration of the different tendencies of heredity."*

In this conflict of authorities it would be highly presumptuous if I were to assert any definite conclusion, but I shall venture to hold that there is some evidence in favor of the opinion that such habits may be transmitted by descent, and that this opinion has not at present been conclusively disproved or refuted.

If the descensible quality of habits be admitted, imitation will appear to have greatly enlarged its power of transmitting the acquirements of one generation to the next, and so enabling that generation to start from a higher vantage ground than its predecessor. For that which was done first by an ancestor as a voluntary act, then repeated by him in imitation of himself until it grew to be a habit, may be done by his descendant as a mere matter of habit, vested in him by the laws of descent, and with infinitely less wear and tear, both physical and mental, than was expended on the act by the one who first did it. Each generation may not only receive, but acquire habits, and the sum of its received and acquired habits it may hand on to the next generation, to be in its turn augmented by the accretions of habits in that generation, and handed on with its new increment to the next following generation, and so on in succession.

In these two ways, the later generation starts with a larger stock of endowments than its predecessor by the force of the principle of imitation.

If it be, on one hand, a gain to do anything without the effort of thought, it is, on the other hand, very dangerous to live without thought. It is evident that the principle of imitation, very valuable so long as it helps us without thought to do as well as our forefathers have done, is very noxious when it prevents us from doing any better than they have done; and this is its effect where it is not counterbalanced by a perpetual inquisitiveness and activity of mind. Nowhere does the power of imitation show itself so mightily as in those states of society, like the Chinese, in which imitation is deified, is made the highest duty of life, and where every-

thing which is not like what has been done before is regarded as evil. The absence of all imitation would produce a stagnation in human society, because each man and each generation of men would derive no benefit from what their forefathers had learned; the presence of no other principle of life must and does equally produce stagnation, because the whole thought of the community is hidebound in a case through which it cannot break — the whole life is that aptly described by Bede* as one of stupid habit — *vita stulta consuetudinis*. It is only the co-existence of imitation with free thought and effort that produces a really healthy and progressive state of society. The danger of mere imitation has been strikingly depicted by Quintilian: † "What would have happened if no one had gone an inch beyond the precedent that he was following? In the poets we should have had nothing better than Livius Andronicus, in history nothing better than the annals of the pontiffs; we should still be navigating on rafts; there would be no pictures except silhouettes drawn from shadows cast by the sun."

It is difficult for an Englishman of the nineteenth century to realize a state of society which is really stationary; with our greedy appetite for new ideas, for new things, for reforms, for improvements, it is hard for us to believe that a great, if not the greater part, of the human race knows none of these things, and feels no such appetite, that it has gone on for thousands of years in the same way as it goes on to-day, and that it regards any attempt to introduce new thought or new modes of life, not merely as an impertinence, but as an impiety.

But even where the force of habit is not so powerful as to exclude all originality and all progress, we may trace its power in arresting improvement. I suppose that the peat hovels of the west of Ireland are very little changed since the times when St. Patrick preached to the ancestors of their present occupants. Imitation has checked any effort to improve the style of house-building.

We gain some measure of the force of imitation on the mind when we turn to its counterpart and complement — originality. We feel that real originality implies a marked superiority of mind, that in its higher manifestations it is a note even of genius. Now what is originality but

* Moseley, *Nature*, vol. xxxiv., p. 630.

* His. Ecc., lib. iv., cap. 27.

† Lib. x., p. 184a.

the doing of a thing in a way in which we are not led to do it by the example of those around us? It implies that we have gone behind and below these examples, and have for ourselves thought out the plan of what is to be done from the principles applicable to it; and so act independently of the force of example.

And then, when once originality occurs, there follows one of the strangest of human follies and one of the most impossible of things, the imitation of originality: so strong and deep is this principle of mimicry, that we try to imitate that of which the essence is that it is not imitation and that it is not imitable.

It is evident that the force of imitation will not be equal upon all minds: on those with large powers of acquisition, but small powers of origination, it will be large; on those in whom origination is more vigorous it will be less. Furthermore, it is obvious that different persons will be differently the objects of imitation — even of unconscious, unintentional imitation. The active, vigorous man and the bustling, showy woman will be more likely to be followed by their neighbors than the shy, retiring student or the quiet, dowdy pietist. But what above everything else seems to determine the force of imitation is the love or admiration of the imitator for the imitated. In these truths lies the familiar fact of the force of example, the infectious power alike of what is good and what is evil; and the further fact, that the influence of example is proportionate to the affection and regard which is attracted to the person who exhibits that example.

It is not only the living men and women who are the subjects of our admiration and of our imitation. The creatures of the poet and the romance-writer and the novelist all act on the human mind, and through it on the life and conduct of men, by the tendency which exists to imitate them. The anxiety of Don Quixote, under all the strange circumstances of his strange career, to act in exact imitation of the heroes of his heart, under the most similar circumstances in their careers, is one of the strokes of nature in the immortal work of Cervantes. The like influence is terribly at work at the present moment, and those who are familiar with the administration of the criminal law, know best in how many cases the youthful culprit has been led to the commission of crime by the reading of some novel or story, in which Dick Turpin, or some such other mean wretch, has been depicted in a way which has fired his imagination, and

produced a strong desire to emulate his deeds of violence or of robbery. Surely the moral responsibility of the novelist is not a light one.

It is difficult to over-estimate the solemn importance of these thoughts, if they be true, in reference to morals and our individual obligations. We have each one of us a tendency, both conscious and unconscious, to imitate the words and deeds, and even the thoughts, of those with whom we associate. But we imitate, not only others, but ourselves also; and hence, by our voluntary acts, we are placing the fetters of habit on our future lives, and binding our future conduct by our present acts, and thus narrowing the area of the activity of our wills. If our daily actions be true and strong and noble, and our thoughts are high and pure, we are rendering it day by day more difficult for us to do anything false, or weak, or base, or to nourish low or impure thoughts; but if our deeds and thoughts be low and bad, we are placing the possession of virtue and nobility further and further out of our reach, till at last it becomes a moral impossibility.

And if this be the momentous effect of imitation on ourselves, it follows that we are exerting a like influence on all around us. Every visible act, every expressed thought, forms a possible object of imitation to all within sight or hearing of us, and so on in an ever-widening circle. Every single act produces a moral wave like the wave created by the fall of a stone into water. We have before us what Gibbon has well called "the infinite series, the multiplying power of habit and fashion."^{*}

Nothing perhaps more impresses the mind with the solidarity of the human race than the thought of the enduring influence, through all succeeding generations, of the great men of old, of the love that is awakened anew in each wave of human life for the mighty creations of the mighty masters of song and of romance, and of the force of imitation which goes with and is intensified by this love. Imitation, it was truly said by that great patriot statesman Sir John Eliot, is "the moral mistress of our lives."[†]

I know of no more appalling example of the power of one life to influence another in far distant periods than that which is afforded by the strange and horrible history of the Maréchal de Retz. A

^{*} Decline, cap. lviii.

[†] Forster's Life of Eliot, vol. i., p. 2.

man of noble birth, great wealth, great distinction as a soldier, and high in favor with his sovereign, he took to the most horrible course of child-murder of which we have any narrative; and when at last driven to confession he made this statement as to the origin of his crimes. "The desire to commit these atrocities came upon me eight years ago. I left court to go to Chansoncé that I might claim the property of my grandfather deceased. In the library of the castle I found a Latin book — Suetonius, I believe — full of accounts of the cruelties of the Roman emperors. I read the charming history of Tiberius, Caracalla, and other Cæsars, and the pleasure they took in watching the agonies of tortured children. Thereupon I resolved to imitate and surpass these same Cæsars, and that very night began to do so."*

If imitation be the moral mistress of our lives, she is also the religious mistress of our lives. It would be out of place for me to pursue this thought far. But of one thing there can be no doubt, that one of the mightiest forces in the propagation of religions consists, first, in the love which the founder has awakened in the breasts of his followers, and of those who through them have learned to know, and knowing, to love his character; and, secondly, in the force of the example of that founder, proportioned to the greatness and earnestness of his character, and to the love which he has awakened. Such a statement would be true of great teachers like Confucius and Gautama. Such a statement is emphatically true of the great teachers of Christendom — of St. Augustine or St. Francis; and above all, I speak it with reverence, I believe that what I have said is pre-eminently true of him whom we honor as our great pattern and example. No life, no personality, has ever attracted such an outcome of love and affection as that of Jesus of Nazareth; no life has ever been lived so worthy of imitation. That imitation which this love has produced has, in thousands of men's hearts, made a change, has literally turned and altered the course of their lives, has converted them — it has literally made them turn away from sin, and so the righteousness of Christ has made them just and holy men. Heaven forbid that I should say that this is all that Christ has done for man, but like Thomas à Kempis, or whoever wrote the "Imitation of Christ,"

I believe that to imitate Christ is to be holy, and that the desire to imitate him has been, and still is, a most operative force in human society.

Now, here I cannot but ask my reader to look back with me on the road we have taken; we have considered the mimicry of the monkey, the pantomime of the child, the force of imitation, conscious and unconscious, over the adult man. Is it the self-same faculty which enables men to imitate the pattern of Christ, and so to grow holy in his likeness? I believe that it is, not because I deem holiness to be anything low or physical, but because I believe that all nature points upwards, as by an unconscious prophecy and forecast, to the development of a moral and spiritual nature. "Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual."

EDW. FRY.

From Belgravia.

A LITERARY VENTURE.

MRS. LOVELL always maintained that the terrible business of her novel, and the dire pains and penalties that resulted from it, were entirely due to the Bishop of Crowborough, and to the bishop alone. She admitted she was encouraged by Anthony Trollope, and other literary swells, who all wrote articles proving convincingly that literature was the easiest and the most lucrative trade in the world if you only hit the right vein, but it was the bishop who first started her on that untoward literary venture. Every time she told the story (and during the subsequent thirty years of her life she certainly told it a hundred times) she deepened the turpitude of the bishop and the bloodthirsty character of his conduct until her husband, the Reverend Aubrey Lovell (a hilarious country rector with a tremendous voice), would shout out in his genial way: "Now, Nellie, my love, the bishop had really very little to do with it, and behaved very nicely, I think; it was all your ridiculous vanity and greed."

It is necessary to clear the ground by telling you something of the bishop and Mrs. Lovell. The Bishop of Crowborough was the oldest prelate on the bench. He was appointed to the see in the days when a scholarly edition of Juvenal or Euripides was the most direct road to a mitre.

His appointment dated so far back in the past that no one living exactly knew

* Baring-Gould's *Book of Were-Wolves*, pp. 229, 230.

what particular service to scholarship obtained for Dr. Octavius Mackereth the see of Crowborough. He had held it for forty-five years, and for the greater portion of that period the bishop had been engaged on a gigantic book, a profound but little-read history of the "Monks of the Thebaid;" a volume appearing at intervals of about six years.

As no one ever bought the book, far less read it, the publication cost the learned author a small fortune. The bishop was not only a celibate but a confirmed woman-hater, or perhaps one might say a woman-ignorant—he seemed to realize the sex with an effort. What one may call the woman *motif* occurred regularly once in the life of each of his Thebaid monks, but they were all mere dream women, emissaries of Satan sent in vision to tempt that particular monk back to the pomps and vanities of the world. This, the bishop perceived, was evidently the chief function of woman. Meanwhile, the bishop being permanently engaged in the Libyan Desert, the diocese fell into a lamentable state of decay; Dissent flourished and waxed fat, yea, even under the shadow of the cathedral itself. Twice a year the bishop emerged from historical research and gave a reception at the palace, but of course, as he had no wife, no ladies came. The bishop never had the least idea how many of his clergy would come, and made random preparations of a helpless kind, the fare provided being of the meagrest description. Some stringy sandwiches, some weak negus and parboiled tea, formed the episcopal *menu*. The High-Church clergy struggled fiercely for the negus, and the Low Church lapped up the weak tea. Nobody under the rank of a prebend had the least chance of securing a spoon to himself. The bishop was practically a stranger to four-fifths of his clergy. At the beginning of these lamentable receptions he tried to identify his guests and say something appropriate to each; but he soon gave that task up, and adopted a stereotyped kindly smile to accompany each handshake. This was a far safer plan, as the poor bishop had a dreadful habit of cheerfully inquiring after newly buried wives; and to this day they tell the story of his asking old Canon Jenkins after his wife when all the diocese was ringing with the news of her elopement with his curate.

So much for the bishop, now for Mrs. Lovell. She was a woman of about forty; the ordinary healthy type of English matron, quite ignorant of art and literature,

but entirely satisfied with herself, her children, and husband. She was ambitious in a kindly way, and tried to push her husband up in the world; but this pushing business was a herculean task, for her excellent husband was quite without any upward tendencies, being of the steady, slow, easy-going order, that quietly holds on and always ends in being an archdeacon. As regards herself, Mrs. Lovell used to say,—

"I don't pretend to be clever or learned, but I really do consider I write a very good letter."

She said this so often, and with such an air of conviction, that all her friends grew to think so too. Now there was a grain of truth in this claim. She wrote a thoroughly reckless, rattling, feminine letter; she could not have described a sunset or a landscape to save her life, but give her a bit of village gossip, and she would dress and touch it up till it became a very lifelike and amusing sketch; then she touched off all her friends' peculiarities with such a good-natured and lively pen that every one said when they heard a letter of hers read aloud, "What a very amusing person that Mrs. Lovell must be!"

It happened just about now that, by an odd chance, the bishop's brother, who was an old literary bachelor living in the Albany, went on a visit of three days to the palace at Crowborough. The brothers became dimly conscious of each other's existence about once in five years, then the bishop asked the Albany bachelor to visit Crowborough, and the latter went, always limiting his stay to exactly three days; he used to say at the Athenæum: "The first day is chastened affection, the second indifference and weariness, the third hatred and despair; if I stayed a fourth I should murder the bishop or die myself."

During his visit he pumped into the bishop all the gossip of the clubs and all the literary news, though of course neither the one nor the other mixed at all well with the monks of the Thebaid; but the Albany brother said it was his duty to post the bishop up to date. It was just at this time that the "Life of George Eliot" appeared.

The bishop had the very vaguest of notions as to George Eliot and her achievements, but he knew that she was a woman, though it puzzled him beyond measure why a woman should assume a man's name.

That a woman should write books was one astonishing fact; that any one should

read them was another; and the third and most astonishing fact of all was that any publisher should pay her 7,000*l.*, as his brother assured him had been paid for one of her books. The bishop's experience of publishers and the public was so altogether different.

The week after the Albany brother left, the bishop, by the most unusual combination of circumstances, had to go to lunch at Mr. Lovell's to meet another bishop; he loathed that other bishop, who was a stirring, enthusiastic creature of quite modern creation and very modern ideas.

He hated too the very thought of the lunch, but he had to go. How to provide polite conversation for two hours the bishop did not know; so as he drove along he tried to recall a few topics that might be appropriate and interesting, and he endeavored to recollect and make use of the London gossip his brother had told him, but the sole thing he could recall was a few details about George Eliot, and chiefly that she actually had had 7,000*l.* for writing one book.

He launched this fact at Mrs. Lovell's head, he dilated upon it, he returned to it again and again. It had astonished the bishop, and it astonished Mrs. Lovell.

When the bishop had left, Mrs. Lovell sat and thought. 7,000*l.* for one book! Why, the bishop only got 4,000*l.* for being a bishop, and it was nearly eighteen times as much as her husband's entire stipend. Mrs. Lovell slept upon the idea, and the next day it had grown and developed. She had a ready pen — what if *she* wrote a book and got 7,000*l.* for it? She locked the idea in her matronly bosom. Her excellent husband had very old-fashioned notions about women and their vocations. Once she put out a feeler, and challenged his admiration for George Eliot. The rector blinked at her with his big blue eyes.

"What's that, my love?" he said. "Thank Heaven I haven't married one of your scribbling women; there's only one thing worse, and that's the political woman."

"But, my dear Aubrey, the scope and field of woman are enlarging so rapidly."

"Now, my dear," answered the rector, in his hilarious, trumpet-toned voice, "don't talk nonsense. My mother was the best of women, and her scope and field were the looking after her family and feeding her poultry."

But when once an idea took root in

Mrs. Lovell's mind it was not easily eradicated, and before a week was over she had determined to go in for literature. She had a widowed sister who lived at Hunstanton, and just then came an invitation to spend a month with her. Mrs. Lovell was of too prosaic a turn of mind to look for signs and wonders, but this she accepted as a signal indication from on high that she was to write a book, for a visit to her sister would give her just the quiet time she wanted to get her ideas in order. Her sister was a very pious High Churchwoman, entirely given up to philanthropy and Church work, quite content to let Mrs. Lovell go her own way if she would only consent to eat fish on Friday and go to daily service. Mrs. Lovell went to Hunstanton with her brain in a literary ferment. She had to tell her sister of her plans, but all that the widow said was, —

"Well, Ellen, of course you'll see that the tone of your book is religious and healthy."

"Of course I shall see to that. I intend to give up every morning to my novel," continued Mrs. Lovell loftily; "and I must beg of you to see that I am undisturbed."

Mrs. Lovell had secured a little handbook to young authors, and had mastered the rudimentary details of suitable paper, writing on one side only, and so on. She had also gone so far as to concoct in her head an outline of a plot — it was a mere skeleton of a plot — but she thought to herself she would develop it as she went on. The next morning she arranged her dressing-table suitably for writing. She opened her desk, took out the lined foolscap paper, and set to work. She said to herself, My hero shall be forty-five, and he shall marry a merry girl of twenty; after marriage a good-looking cousin of hers, aged twenty-five, shall make love to her, and all but bring about a catastrophe. I shall introduce a designing widow, and two or three subordinate characters to fill up. She plunged at once into Chapter I., but found her ideas did not come as quickly as she hoped; it was nothing like as easy as writing a letter. She wrote for an hour, read it all over, and tore it up in despair. Then she tried again, and found herself at a dead pause for something to say. She sat with her head on her hand, racking her brains, but nothing came; then suddenly she dropped her pen and clapped her hands.

"Goodness me!" she cried, "why, Aunt Jane when she gave us drawing-lessons

used to say, 'Remember, my dears, always draw from nature, go straight to life.' 'I will; why invent?'

And she did. She wanted a clergyman, and down she pounced upon the Bishop of Crowborough. She lifted him bodily into her book. She changed him into a dean, but all his little peculiarities she retained, and gave them a touch or two more. Her pen flew and the pages quickly filled; she read over the description of the dean, and his sayings and doings, and she leant back and laughed at the intense vitality of the thing. Then there was a Mrs. Marchmont in the next parish; she would exactly do for the designing widow. Mrs. Lovell hated her with a consuming hatred. Mrs. Marchmont dressed better than she did, had taken precedence of her on several occasions, and had patronized her openly before all the county; besides, she had many weak points, there were some little questionable matters in her career, scandal had not spared her and certainly Mrs. Lovell would not. Mrs. Marchmont appeared as Lady Holloway, but in all other respects it was a photograph from life.

In her parish there were two excellent old maids, the best of creatures — a little rigid, very quaint in dress, with pretty little affectations, and one with a remote longing for gentlemen's attention. Mrs. Lovell had put them into many a letter, and they both went bodily into her book. Having adopted this method, to her delight and surprise Mrs. Lovell found all went merry as a wedding-bell; after all, once master the method, and it was just as easy to write a novel as to write a letter, and letter-writing always had been her strong point. For some weeks she worked hard at the book, it amused and interested her. She had a little bit of money, something under 100*l.*, put by in consols, and that she intended to devote to the expenses of publishing the book; she called it "A Midsummer Madness."

We may pass over the record of how she got a publisher, and the labors and difficulties she had with proofs and revises. The greatest difficulty of all was to keep the rector in the dark; luckily he was the most unobservant of men. He saw masses of papers coming by post, and set it down in his mind as new music. He observed that his dear Nellie was always writing; but he merely said, "Really, my wife's correspondence is enormous, and I don't wonder at it, for she writes an excellent letter."

Our story reopens some six months

later on. Every morning she now expected an advance copy from the publishers. She always came down before breakfast and swooped down on the letters and parcels, and at last this tenth day of June brought the long-desired copy. There it was, in the three orthodox volumes, 31*s.* 6*d.* in price, dainty in binding, nice big margins, and good print and paper. She opened the title-page and read, with a bounding heart, "A Midsummer Madness: a Novel. By Mrs. Aubrey Lovell." Then she dipped here and there into her favorite bits — that droll scene where the two old maids encounter the designing widow; really it was humorous and had lots of go in it. Mrs. Lovell laughed aloud. Then the love scene in the old garden, and the despair and madness of the hero; then that pathetic death-bed scene, how true and real it seemed; really, Mrs. Lovell felt, if George Eliot walked into the room now, she should have claimed her as a sister artist.

Meanwhile the rector came noisily down-stairs, and entered the room with a bang. "Hullo, my love, anybody's birthday? I see a parcel of new books that look like presents."

"No, dear," she answered, "only the last new novel;" then, blushing furiously, "it looks rather nice."

To his wife's disgust the rector did not exhibit the least curiosity about the last new novel. Ah, she thought, if only he knew, wouldn't he be proud of his wife! but he actually ignored the three pretty blue volumes, and stretched out his hand for his *Guardian*. Then Mrs. Lovell brought matters to a head by saying, "Tell me what you think of the new novel?" Thereupon the rector drove his wife to the verge of distraction by his exceeding slowness; first of all he couldn't find his glasses, then began a long history as to a letter in the *Guardian* about Queen Anne's Bounty, then wasted another five minutes in polishing up his glasses, ultimately he took up Vol. I., and read in his sonorous voice, "A Midsummer Madness. By Mrs. Aubrey Lovell."

"Goodness gracious me, Nellie! why, it's by a namesake of yours; they'll be putting it down to you."

"It is me," said Mrs. Lovell, being too thrilled to think of grammar.

"You!" replied her husband, dropping the book with a bang, and no number of marks of admiration can convey the surprise he put into his voice; he took off his glasses and rubbed them again. Then she told him how the bishop had sown the

seed in her aspiring bosom, and this was the full harvest.

"Well, my love, of course I knew you wrote a good letter, and had a ready pen; but a three-volume novel I *did* think beyond your powers."

She was well content when he took the whole three volumes into his study. She had expected he would have abused her for wasting her time and ordered her back to domestic duties, but he had been so surprised and taken aback that he had half blessed instead of entirely banning her. During the morning Mrs. Lovell was gratified by hearing hearty peals of laughter from her husband's study, and at lunch he said, "Really, my dear, your book is extremely good, but you've made frightfully free with our poor dear bishop. I only hope he won't come across it."

"Oh, I've disguised it all well," she answered; "I have only used a few of his peculiarities."

Mrs. Lovell subscribed to Romeike's Agency, and for the next few weeks she had a very jolly time; the press notices were fairly favorable—all the critics thought the plot exceedingly poor, but the bishop, the widow, and the two old maids were greatly praised. Evidently drawn from life, one or two critics said. Then Mrs. Lovell had the joy of presenting her friends with copies of her book, and altogether her poor head was like to be turned with success. Her publishers were very well content too, and said the book was making its mark. Her husband basked in the reflected glow of her fame, and began to be proud of his wife.

One day at breakfast Mrs. Lovell said:

"Here is an appreciative review of the book in the leading society paper; that makes the seventeenth flattering notice I have had."

Of course "the book" was *her* book, there being only one book in the world to her then. Her husband did not answer, for he was absorbed in a letter; she knew by the way he stirred his tea as he read it that he was not pleased.

"My dear," he said, "I am afraid you and your book have got me into a scrape; here is the bishop writing, he seems exceedingly angry."

She took the letter and read it.

The bishop evidently *was* exceedingly wroth. The letter was to the effect that Mrs. Lovell's book had been forwarded to him, and his attention drawn to the character of the dean; it was beyond all question that the character was intended for himself; he then spoke of the bad taste

and want of courtesy shown. Towards the end of the letter the bishop gave himself rein, and wrote of it all as a gross breach of ecclesiastical etiquette; he then pointed out the necessity of an apology and the withdrawal of the book, and even remotely hinted at proceedings being taken.

As she read the letter Mrs. Lovell's heart sank within her; her husband had the baseness to say he had warned her that she had taken a great liberty with the bishop.

"It is true," she said, harking back to the old excuse, "that I have used a few of his peculiarities, but I have changed the names and wrapped it all up."

"Nonsense! wrapped it up! why, there isn't a parson in all England but would know him in a moment. And now, what do you propose to do, Nellie?"

Nellie had nothing to propose except that her husband should write a letter to the bishop, half a disclaimer and half an apology; as to withdrawing her book, that she would *not*—no, not for the whole bench of bishops.

The rector found it very embarrassing, but he wrote and tried to smooth the bishop down. The next day at breakfast Mrs. Lovell received a copy of *Social Notes*. There was a marked paragraph to the effect that the new novel, "A Midsummer Madness," was likely to create some little sensation.

Some of the characters had been drawn from life with a too marked fidelity, and it was said that the originals of the dean and Lady Holloway and those diverting old maids the Misses Sloper had determined to take steps against the brilliant author. Of course it was delightful to appear in *Social Notes*, and still more delightful to be called a brilliant author, but Mrs. Lovell's heart again sank within her at those terrible words "taking steps." She had the very vaguest ideas as to what "steps" might mean; for aught *she* knew they might refer to a Chancery suit, Premunire, or proceedings at the Old Bailey; it might mean all or any of these frightful measures. All this took place at breakfast; she did not dare to tell her husband, but at lunch he had seen *Social Notes* and read it for himself. It took a great deal to rouse the rector, but undoubtedly he was roused now—he said dreadful things to his wife. Lunch was a most uncomfortable meal. Mrs. Lovell sank as low as woman could sink; she ended by settling in her heart that she would probably be torn from her home

and flung into prison. She anathematized the unlucky day on which she first determined to be famous, and she doomed the bishop, who had first fired her ambition, to nethermost Hades.

At four o'clock the front-door bell rang, and the maid brought in Mrs. Marchmont's card; the card was followed by that lady herself, almost before the maid had closed the door. She addressed Mrs. Lovell in a markedly hostile manner, beginning by saying, "Perhaps you would have known me better if I had sent in my name as Lady Holloway?" Mrs. Lovell, in describing that call afterwards, always said it turned her hair grey in a single hour. Mrs. Marchmont was not a lady-like person at her best, but when roused she had a fluent vocabulary at her command, and she poured it out on Mrs. Lovell. That poor lady felt the cup of her bitterness was full. To sit in your own drawing-room and be abused was more than human nature could bear; to be told by a loudly dressed, red-faced virago that you were no better than a mean, contemptible serpent, crawling into the bosoms of confiding families and betraying them, was exceedingly trying to all the Christian virtues; once or twice she moved as if towards the bell, but Mrs. Marchmont checked her at once by saying, "I don't leave this room till I've had my say."

Village gossip said afterwards that Mrs. Marchmont threatened to horsewhip her; but Mrs. Lovell denied that, and said she never went beyond shaking her fist in her face. To end it all, not content with frightening the poor lady almost into a fit, she wound up with, "And don't you fancy you're done with me, for I'll have the law on you, and you'll hear from my lawyer before the week is out," and with that she banged the door and departed.

That was Tuesday; on Wednesday two ladies drove up to the rectory; peeping through the drawing-room curtains Mrs. Lovell descried the two Miss Stonehams. She heard a muffled conversation with the maid, ending with an emphatic statement by the elder Miss Stoneham, "Thank you, we decline to see Mrs. Lovell; we wish to see her husband"—hearing which Mrs. Lovell sank on a sofa and felt her latter end had come, and the sooner it was over the better. For half an hour she remained on that sofa whilst the Miss Stonehams interviewed her husband; then they departed, and she heard his step crossing the hall. As he came towards the drawing-room, she says she felt like the trapped thing which hears the hunter coming down

the path. Speech failed the rector at first; he wrung his hands and vaguely uttered a wish to emigrate or die; he then made pathetic reference to those two Christian ladies, held up to a scoffing public by a scurrilous scribbling woman. The Miss Stonehams were the virtuous women, and she the scurrilous libeller. He went on in this strain for half an hour, until excess of misery brought its own relief, and suddenly Mrs. Lovell jumped up from the sofa and swore she didn't care for all the bishops on the bench, nor all the vulgar widows or crabby old maids in Christendom; she'd written a book and she'd stick to it, and that was her ultimatum. It is very difficult to say "ultimatum" when you're on the verge of hysterics, but she said it, and then tore up to her room and had a good cry.

Next day came a letter from her publishers. These ghastly people rejoiced over the hideous publicity of the book—it was making quite a ferment in society, there was an excellent article on "literary cut-throats" in the *Saturday*, and they heard there were rumors of two actions about to be commenced against Mrs. Lovell; from a commercial standpoint they thought nothing could be more promising, and they were printing a second edition in all haste.

The next day a quiet, semi-clerical gentleman called at the vicarage and asked to see Mrs. Lovell; the maid said she fancied he was from a Missionary Society. Mrs. Lovell received him in the drawing-room, and found him pleasant and fair-spoken, until he handed her an official-looking document, and explained that it was a writ "*re Marchmont v. Lovell*." A mist swam before the unhappy lady's eyes; she heard him as in a dream apologizing for having to serve her with the writ in person, and not through the ordinary channel of her solicitor, but he regretted to say his client had a good deal of personal feeling in the matter, and had insisted, much to his regret, on personal service.

When the rector returned from some parochial visits he found Mrs. Lovell and her official document lying side by side on the bed; when he grasped the situation anger against her was swallowed up in real pity for her and no less real alarm for himself. Before he knew where he was he was plunged into litigation. His ideas moved slowly, and it was a good twelve hours before he realized the real position of matters. The bishop had cut him dead in the streets of Crowborough; as he walked about his own parish he could

not but perceive there was a marked feeling in the village against him; the two Miss Stonehams had declined to attend his church any longer, and cancelled all their subscriptions; Mrs. Marchmont had stirred up the local press, and there were dreadful articles and letters; and now here, to wind up all, was an action commenced and damages to the tune of 1,000*l.* claimed. He instructed his family solicitor to enter an appearance, and then waited results.

Mrs. Lovell said for many weeks after this, existence became a nightmare, she dreaded every post and every knock at the door. Then, to add to her troubles, two cousins wrote and declared that, not content with vilifying outsiders, they found she had not even respected the ties of natural affection, and had actually brought her own flesh and blood into her book. Cousin Selina suffered from indigestion, and had occasionally a red nose; but that was no reason why she and her slight constitutional infirmity should be made the subject of Mrs. Lovell's reckless pen. Cousin Barbara was nervous, looked under her bed at night, and lived in the perpetual fear of burglars; but she objected to have her little weakness advertised far and near. But Mrs. Lovell had as it were fought with wild beasts at Ephesus, in the shape of the bishop and Mrs. Marchmont, and she felt equal to cope with such small game as the cousins. She took pen in hand and demonstrated to Selina and Barbara that there were hundreds of ladies in England suffering from red noses and timorous views on burglars, and if they elected to put on the cap they might.

When the family solicitor came and questioned Mrs. Lovell if she would swear that Lady Holloway was not meant for Mrs. Marchmont, or if the character were not drawn from her, she refused point-blank.

"I can't and won't, for it was," she answered in despair. Picture the position: there was the bishop glowering in his palace; Mrs. Marchmont romping about the neighborhood in her pony-carriage, her face redder and her hair yellower than ever; then if Mrs. Lovell ventured into the village she was sure to meet the Miss Stonehams, and they always crossed the street and treated her as if she had the plague. Things came to such a pitch that her sister at Hunstanton, in sheer pity, asked her to go there for a month for change and peace.

Before she left home she gave her husband *carte blanche* to do as he liked, "only

let us once more get peace and quiet."

Goaded and roused into activity, the rector rushed up to London, and stopped the book just as the third edition was being issued; he had a great battle with the publishers, but the book was suppressed and withdrawn. He then went on to his lawyers and told them to compromise and end the actions. "I will manage the bishop," he said, "if you'll see to that awful Mrs. Marchmont." The lawyer protested, just as the publishers had protested; it was literally nipping in the bud an action that might have developed into a *cause célèbre*.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lovell was sitting in sackcloth and ashes at Hunstanton; and her sister took this occasion to give her much religious advice as to her worldly ambition and greed. The poor thing was really brought very low, and wanted building up instead of abasing. But fate had yet one more blow in store for her. One day the rector wrote to her, and inclosed a formal written apology to all the aggrieved parties. It was drawn up by the lawyers, and she was to sign it at once, and it would be inserted in the London and local papers.

"Why should I be trodden into the dirt like this?" she cried to her sister at breakfast; "it's too shameful."

"I admit the tone of the apology is humble, perhaps one might say abject, but it's right your feelings should suffer. I consider your treatment of those excellent Miss Stonehams in the highest degree cruel."

It was signed and witnessed, and returned.

Then it was printed in all the local papers and repeated thrice. Mrs. Lovell declared each insertion added five years to her age. It was weeks and weeks before Mrs. Lovell ventured to return home. It was some comfort that the Miss Stonehams had written to her very kindly, and promised to let bygones be bygones. Mrs. Marchmont was relentless still, but Mrs. Lovell felt hardened towards her. Luckily, some six months later, the bishop died, and his successor was an old college chum of the rector's. One of his first acts was to offer him a living on quite the other side of the diocese, and Mrs. Lovell declared that never had she packed up her goods and chattels with such joy as she did on leaving her old home.

For some two years the novel was a sore subject in the family circle; then Mrs. Lovell began to exercise her inventive powers, and, plucking up heart, often told

the story of her literary venture. Her husband said he could recognize the salient features at first, but after many repetitions even these became blurred in outline, and the blame was shifted to the poor bishop's shoulder, and all the glory and honor were somehow transferred to Mrs. Lovell. She always ended with, "I think, without vanity, my dears, I may say that if I had persevered in my literary career I should have achieved a position second only to George Eliot herself."

ALBERT FLEMING.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ELIZABETH OF VALOIS AND THE
TRAGEDY OF DON CARLOS.

ALL Spanish historians must be grateful to the Cardinal Ximenes, who was the first person to appreciate the value of the Spanish archives, and who removed them to Simancas, where they occupy countless rooms and corridors, and have interested every student of Spanish history for the last half-century, since which period they have ceased to be jealously guarded, as they were until that date.

But next to the study of these ancient records, whoever desires to obtain a full appreciation of the stirring events of Spanish history would do well to make himself acquainted with Spanish art, more especially in the gallery of Madrid, for there is no collection in any capital which so vividly tells the whole story of the nation's life. Here the grandeur of the court of Spain is vividly depicted,—the solemn and dignified bearing of each important actor on the historic stage, where no levity ever disturbed the stately mien of the Spanish grandee.

It has been well said that "beauty is the lover's gift," and it must be admitted that much of the majesty and grace which charms us in the Madrid Gallery was the painter's gift. Even Charles V. was not a subject Titian would have preferred, had he not brought to the work a mind full of reverence and awe. The emperor's countenance was no index of his great nature; there was light enough within, but it found no expression in his lack-lustre eye. Philip II., with his heavy upper lip, his grey, cold eye, and yellow hair, was no better a study for the painter than his imperial father; but the Spanish painter pictured a merit unperceived by the ordinary dwellers in the presence of the sovereign; the glow of the painter's mind ani-

mated his touch, and the portraits, even if repulsive in their features, lived and breathed in dignity under the master's hand.

One of the most striking of the pictures in the gallery is that of the subject of the present memoir, Elizabeth of Valois—Isabella della Pace, as she was lovingly called, for her marriage to Philip II. was one of the principal conditions of the Treaty of Château Cambresis. The portrait is by Juan Pantoja della Cruz, and enables us to appreciate that beauty which was the object of universal admiration, and won every heart. The eyes are black and brilliant, the complexion dazzling, the head finely shaped, the whole countenance full of life. Her dress is black velvet, which sets off her height. The painter has given her that air of majesty, innocence, and grace, which commanded reverence, love, and admiration. She seemed at once the child of Spain and France—to combine the gravity befitting the Spanish court with the winning sweetness of a daughter of France.

There are two other pictures of the young queen, less remarkable for their execution, and yet full of interest—one by Sofonisba Anguisciola, taken when the queen was in the zenith of her youthful beauty; and near it is one of scarcely less interest, that of the unhappy boy Don Carlos, by Sanchez Coello. In the picture of the queen, the artist has paid less attention to her general charms than to those details of dress and ornaments which were deemed of such importance by Philip: the richness of the dress, the brilliancy of the jewellery, convey a just notion of the stately luxury and grandeur of the Spanish court. Truly, Elizabeth of Valois was a fitting subject for courtly painters! Brantôme speaks of that charm which was the admiration of all who saw her, and which won the eulogies of every biographer,—"*La princesse la meilleure qui ait été de son temps et autant aimée de tout. Il faut l'appeller la belle Elizabeth du monde pour ses rares vertus et perfections.*" St. Réal vies with Brantôme in his enthusiasm: "Whenever she appeared in public, it was a fresh triumph of beauty. No one could see her without loving her—so much so, that it was said at Court that no wise man would fix his gaze on her for any long time who cared for his heart. If," he adds, "beauty is a natural royalty, one may say that no queen was ever more queen than she was."

Elizabeth of Valois, daughter of Henri II. and Catharine de Medici, was born on

the 13th April, 1545, at Fontainebleau. Her birth cast a bright gleam of happiness on the last years of her grandfather, Francis I. His life was ebbing away under the weight, not of years, but of infirmities, — the consequence of a continuous existence of wild passion and ambition, sustained with all the gallantry and bravery of youthful ardor long after the maturity of manhood. He was fifty-three at the time of his death, but forty of these years had been passed in the excitement of war, or amid the dissipations of a gay and profligate court. The result was, that at the king's death the finances were in anything but a flourishing condition, and Henri II. had difficulties to contend with which were in no degree diminished by his weaknesses and his ill-placed affections.

And yet Henri's brief reign of twelve years was not undistinguished by qualities worthy of his race; his magnificence, his courage and courtly grace, were qualities which might have been expected to shine conspicuously in a son of François I. In Catharine de Medici he found not only a queen but a guide, a counsellor, and friend, who was resolved that the royal authority should not be weakened during her husband's reign; in maintaining that authority she allowed no obstacle to stand in her way. In those days of powerful, of almost independent princes, who possessed feudal privileges, sovereignty was a science which frequently required arts of cunning and practices repugnant to our moral sense, but which at that time were not considered inconsistent with the laws of chivalry and honor. Catharine possessed the great qualification for a successful ruler — the art of dissimulation. No one was more keenly alive to the truth of the precept, *qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*. Catharine has been selected as the very personification of this vice. In those days the state of moral feeling was very unlike what it is at present, and in Italy it was unlike the rest of Europe. Lord Macaulay, in his article on Machiavelli, says that "among the polished Italians, enriched by commerce, everything was achieved by superiority of intelligence; the qualities then demanded for statecraft in Italy were invention, cunning, hollow friendship, violated faith, recklessness of all principle, systematic fraud. These, in the brightest days of Italian history, were not repudiated as unworthy of princes and rulers." Catharine could dissimulate where dissimulation in a woman is most difficult; she could as-

sume an indifference towards, or even pretend affection for, those who supplanted her in her husband's affections, so long as such relations did not weaken the prerogative of the crown.

However licentious the court, no youth was ever more tenderly cherished, nor generous qualities more sedulously and ably cultivated, than in Elizabeth of Valois. She was first not only in rank, but in grace and charm, at a court where there was so much grace and so much charm. She united with the sweetest and most pleasant manner peculiar gifts which art can never attain to. She was called the flower of France at a period when the court of France was famous for its beauty, — for Catharine and Henri II. agreed that "a court without beauty is like a garden without flowers." Moreover, in these early years Elizabeth of Valois gave proofs of all that kindness of heart which shone forth in her eyes, and the possession of all those qualities which led to her great fortune and her great sorrows.

If we estimate the duration of life by the variety of its scenes and emotions, and the intenseness of its interests, Elizabeth of Valois's life was a long one. Few lives ever had such important events concentrated into so short a space of time; it was truly a crowded life, and crowded with the most important political events. But many historians, not satisfied with these, have added the wildest romance to heighten the interest; they have chosen to connect the tragic fate of the Infant Don Carlos with her own. The sad destinies of these all but children has afforded an admirable theme for dramatists and poets, of which they have not been slow to avail themselves. These stories had their origin in Elizabeth's betrothal to Don Carlos, and in the love with which his promised bride inspired the ill-fated boy.

Soon after Elizabeth of Valois's engagement to Don Carlos, his father Philip II. became a widower by the death of Mary Tudor. Certainly no pleasant memories were associated with his married life, nor did he affect any regrets at her loss; but although he had lost England's queen, he hoped to retrieve this loss from the same source, and to share the throne with the sister — for very soon after the death of Mary, the Count de Fena was sent as special ambassador to Queen Elizabeth with an offer of marriage. In all the subsequent prolonged negotiations, Elizabeth showed her remarkable sagacity and prudence. She was most careful not to wound the susceptibilities of so arrogant and pow-

erful a sovereign as Philip II. She found a ready excuse in her ties of relationship with the late Queen Mary. It is true that the pope was willing to grant a dispensation for the marriage; but when this was suggested, she replied that such a submission to, and indirect recognition, of the papal authority, would be interpreted into a declaration of the Roman faith, and the strength of her position in England depended on the Reformers, who were still horror-struck at the cruelties practised in her sister's reign. Meanwhile Henri II. used all his influence to prevent this new alliance between England and Spain, which would have been very dangerous to France. The ambassadors of the French king at the papal court opposed in the strongest manner the grant of the dispensation.

While Philip was occupied with these matrimonial schemes, his ambassadors were busily employed in concluding the negotiations for a marriage between Elizabeth of Valois and the Infant Don Carlos. The portrait of the princess had been sent to the prince, and it at once awakened his imagination. A gleam of joy was cast over that sad, reserved, and gloomy nature at the hope of being united to one whose portrait confirmed the common report of her beauty, as he gazed on her gentle and graceful countenance. It may well be imagined what must have been the feelings of a young man of unrestrained passions and violent will, when he learnt that his father, after he had been finally refused by Elizabeth, intended to supplant him as the suitor for the princess. As Brantôme expresses it, Philip II. "*coupa l'herbe sous le pied de son fils.*" Here certainly was a fine subject for the romance of history, and full advantage has been taken of it. The supposed loves of Don Carlos with Isabella of the Peace have furnished admirable material for the drama and the poem. The imagination can picture all the characters of the grand tragedy which terminated only with the life, or, as many affirm, the murder, of the prince.

That the prince cherished the warmest attachment for the young queen cannot be questioned, and that this attachment was well known to Philip may in part explain the evil construction which his father put on all his actions; but there is not the slightest evidence that the king's jealousy ever extended to the queen. Indeed all accounts agree that hers was a nature which no one could doubt, even those who from perversity of mind loved her the

least—for among the Spanish grandees were found more jealousies, rivalries, and suspicions than in most courts; but all were compelled to approve of her conduct in the most difficult of positions for a young princess to occupy, away from all her old friends and associations. There was little in Don Carlos except the gift of youth to awaken enthusiasm or affection in any one, especially in a princess who at the time of her betrothal was only fourteen years of age. Philip II. was thirty-two, and certainly, in spite of his cold, hard, unsympathetic nature, was in all respects, except in age, far superior to his son. M. de Fourquevaux, with courtly phrase, says that at this date "*le roi a semblé plus beau, plus frais, et plus jeune qu'il n'était devant;*" whereas the prince was a martyr to every kind of suffering and weakness. He had in no way improved since his visit to his grandfather at Yuste, when the great emperor, warrior, and statesman saw with poignant regret into what feeble hands his magnificent inheritance was destined to fall. It is difficult to imagine any position more distressing than that of the queen. She could not be ignorant of the extravagant affection of Don Carlos. The king never cared for his son, and it is not likely that in that most obsequious of courts, in which the personal favor of the sovereign was the only avenue to preferment, the courtiers who marked the signs of hate would allow the father to remain ignorant of Don Carlos's feelings. The king's clouded, suspicious nature might well have been aroused by this painful revelation, and the highest testimony to Isabella's infinite merit is the never-failing kindness with which she was treated by Philip. It is surprising, indeed, that not a breath of slander was ever blown on the name of the queen, when the composition of the Spanish court is considered. It was a court never in any sense frivolous, and intrigues were carried on with solemn decorum; but she was separated from all the friends of her childhood through the jealous customs of a stiff and pompous nobility, surrounded by spies, and by those parasites of kings who make the ruins of reputations the stepping-stones of their own ambition. Yet, in spite of all disadvantages, Isabella was universally beloved by her adopted country, and her relentless, bigoted husband was even won at moments to compassionate sentiments through her intercession. The correspondence with her sister-in-law, Mary of Scotland, is a testimony to the high standard

of moral education of the princess. In this correspondence we find the highest subjects treated in the most elevated manner. We read: "Car tout aussi qu'un prince surmonte ses sujets en richesses et en puissance, aussi il doit être entre tous le plus grand en prudence, en conseil, en bonté, en grâce, et toutes sortes de vertu." And again: "Il faut, ma sœur, que nous mettions peine d'être très sages, et que ne laissions aller un seul jour sans apprendre quelque chose, à l'exemple d'Apelles le peintre, qui en son art a été de si grande diligence pour ne pas laisser passer un seul jour auquel de son pinceau ne tirât quelque ligne." Certainly the princess showed marvellous precocity when at fourteen she wrote: "Vous ébahissez, ma sœur, pourquoi je sortis près de la chambre de la reine. Vu, qu'il était Dimanche pour aller à mon étude. Avis que depuis deux jours je lis un colloque d'Erasmus tant beau, tant joyeux, et tant utile que rien plus; et Dieu comme il tance ceux qui dorment si tard, et font si peu de cas de perdre le temps, qui entre toutes choses est le plus précieux."

It was in 1559 that the Duc d'Alva received his commission to marry as proxy for Philip the beautiful princess. Philip's cold, unsympathetic nature had been warmed into something like affection at the accounts he had received of the remarkable charms of his future queen. The reports of the duke confirmed the common rumors; they were, indeed, so favorable that, wonderful to relate, the cautious, sententious monarch permitted himself gravely to express his satisfaction. The Bishop of Limoges wrote to the Cardinal of Lorraine and to the Duc de Guise: "Oncques prince n'eut plus de contentement qu'il y a de la Reine Catholique, la femme ce que par lettre je ne saurai avez représenter." And the queen was truly the dove of peace — "Isabella della Pace." The long wars and rivalries between France and Spain were forgotten, or remembered only to render the reconciliation of the two nations more gratifying and seemingly sincere. Compliments, presents, and honors were largely interchanged; the Order of the Toison d'Or was sent to Francis; Catharine de Medici was the theme of Spanish verse and courtly praise, the chief merit ascribed to her being that she had borne so beautiful a daughter. But all this lavish approbation did not satisfy Catharine for the little influence she was permitted to exercise on great and momentous questions. An ardent Catholic, — so ardent that all vir-

tues seemed to her comprehended in what less zealous Catholics considered as cruel bigotry — later events too painfully confirmed their views, — she wished to have the direction of her daughter's conscience. This was precisely what Philip did not desire. He at once expressed his determination to select her spiritual director, and this the king did by the advice of his own confessor, — for "the queen's director," the king said, "should be possessed of the highest qualities of prudence and knowledge, and be able to inform the queen in all matters which were agreeable to the king." His Majesty added: "If his own confessor and her Majesty's director perfectly understood each other, the royal household would afford an example of faith and conjugal happiness to the whole Catholic world." And thus it was arranged, to the satisfaction of the king and the intense annoyance of Catharine, who lost what she most desired to retain — the powerful means of influence over her daughter, and through her daughter the foreign policy of Spain. But apart from the spiritual direction, there were some at the king's court who exercised an undue influence over the king. With all his seeming indifference, he was not proof against subtle flattery and the wiles of insinuating plotters. Louis XI. himself was not surrounded by a greater number of bold and unscrupulous advisers. There was a great resemblance in the characters of Louis XI. and Philip. They were alike gloomy, suspicious natures, almost incapable of generous impulses, — equally ignorant of the real interests and requirements of their subjects. Of the two, perhaps Louis had a greater knowledge of statecraft; but they were equally cruel, selfish, and tyrannical. That Elizabeth should have been able to retain the affections, such as they were, of this heart of adamant, is a sufficient testimony to her rare excellence.

Ruy Gomez de Silva was at an early period attached to the household of Philip II. He accompanied the king to England on the occasion of his marriage to Queen Mary, and after her death proceeded with the king to Flanders. Discreet, agreeable, and admirably endowed by nature, his qualities and abilities had been carefully cultivated and improved by education. He was precisely one of those men who are instinctively courtiers, and can perform excellent service in such a court as that of Philip II. "The master of all passions and his own," he possessed the admirable power of being able to receive

and appropriate the ideas of others, and to reproduce them again to their authors in the most plausible and graceful form. Only second to Ruy Gomez in the royal estimation was the Duc d'Alva, the great captain of Spain, a man who recommended himself to the king by his stern and ruthless nature. There was a great rivalry between the Duc d'Alva and Ruy Gomez, and this rivalry and jealousy between the two ministers was most agreeable to the suspicious monarch, who put each as a spy on the other; and he was the most favored who was the shrewdest to discover, and the least scrupulous to betray, all that passed in the most diplomatic and intriguing court in Europe. The influence of Ruy Gomez, Catharine de Medici might have regarded with comparative indifference; but that of his wife, Anne de Mendoza, Princess d'Eboli, the daughter of the viceroy of Peru, was much more to be dreaded. She is described as "spirituelle, altière, résolue." She was possessed of qualities which exercised a great charm over all who came within her influence. Antonio Perez, no mean judge of female excellence, spoke of her as a "pearl of a woman, surrounded by the rarest flowers of beauty and of grace." Such a personage at a court like the Catholic King's, possessed as she was of unbounded ambition, was not likely to add to the domestic happiness of a young queen of fifteen years of age.

The marriage was pressed on; so, in December, 1559, the king and the queen-mother accompanied Isabella to Châtellerault and Poitiers, where they parted with great manifestations of grief on both sides. Elizabeth expressed her feelings in graceful verse:—

Mes yeux craignant trop de larmes répandre,
Ont bien oyé sur ma bouche entreprendre
Lui défendant le parler et l'adieu.
Se départant de tant regretté lieu
Pour déclarer la douleur trop amère
Que sent la fille à l'adieu de la mère,
Perdant de tout du parler la puissance,
Tout empêché par trop grande abondance
De pleurs tous prestes, dehors des yeux sortir,
A quoi, hélas! j'y n'osay consentir,
Craignant de vous la désolation
Disant l'adieu de séparation.

The grief at leaving France was expressed in equally plaintive melody by Mary Stuart and Elizabeth of Valois. After this tender farewell, the royal progress was continued. It has been said that the princess seemed to have a presentiment of the shortness of her career,—that she was seized with a profound melancholy which

deeply affected all her retinue. This is the romance of history, which has rarely been so largely employed as in the life of Queen Isabella. It is recorded, on the contrary, that the journey was a joyous one. Travel, says Alfieri,—

In giovin mente
Grande potenza ha variar il pensiero;

everything was fresh and new to her, and each town or castle she passed excited her interest. As far as Bordeaux she was escorted by the Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop of Rouen, uncle of Henri IV. At Bordeaux the king of Navarre, brother of the cardinal, received the princess, and offered her respectful homage by her twofold title of daughter of France and queen of Spain. On the 18th December the king of Navarre was able to give the Bishop of Limoges, ambassador of Philip II., the most favorable account of the queen: "I am very happy to be able to assure his Majesty that the queen has been intrusted to me in excellent health, and I hope to be able to place her Majesty in the hands of the deputies with her health improved rather than weakened by such a long journey." And the journey in mid-winter though the mountain passes was very difficult, and at times not unattended with danger; it happened that this winter was the most severe that had been experienced for many years. At Pignon, situated in the Pyrenees on the frontier of France and Spain, the Spanish authorities were assembled to take charge of the queen; but the snow was so deep that she was compelled to stop at Roncevaux, there to await the arrival of the Spanish plenipotentiaries, and these moved so slowly that the queen was detained five days in this most inconvenient locality, which was crowded to excess, and when the Spaniards arrived there was but one expression of dissatisfaction. And the two suites were rivals in discontent, as well as in courtly feuds and jealousies. The Spanish ambassadors had been selected for their great rank and eminent qualities—the Cardinal Archbishop of Burgos, and the Duc d'Infantado, chief of the great house of Mendoza. It was said of this illustrious family, that the nobility and antiquity of their house were superior to all their other eminent qualities, by as much as Heaven-sent blessings are superior to those derived from men. It is unnecessary to recite the long list of nobles and notables that rendered this embassy the most remarkable that had ever been seen on the Spanish frontier. Nothing

could exceed the grandeur by which the ambassadors were surrounded. We are told that the body-guard consisted of four thousand cavalry, and that the expense of the table kept by the Duc d'Infantado amounted to two thousand crowns a day. After many tedious discussions as to the exact place where the queen was to be delivered over to the Spanish ambassadors, it was decided that the grand ceremonial should take place at Roncevaux, where her journey had been delayed by the weather—a place associated with many great events. It was here that Charlemagne lost his army and all his paladins, and the Black Prince led his soldiers to the victory of Navarrete; and here a princess, the daughter of France, was to find a new home among those who had so long contended with her countrymen on the battle-field.

The weather was so severe that the intended grand ceremonial out-of-doors had to be abandoned; this was a great disappointment to the Spaniards, who wished to appear before the assembled multitude in all their bravery and magnificence, in striking contrast with the deep mourning of the French, which prevented any display on their part. The queen received the ambassadors seated on a throne in the large hall of the monastery. There the Duc d'Infantado, after a long discourse, kissed her hand; but when the Cardinal of Burgos approached with the same intention, she rose to the prince of the Church, embraced him, and desired him to be covered. Then, after a prolonged exchange of courtesies and ceremonies, the queen dismissed the ambassadors in so graceful a manner that they agreed "*qu'ils n'avaient jamais eu si grand aise et contentement qu'ils ont eu en la recevant comme reine, dame et maîtresse.*" The Cardinal of Burgos took her right hand and the Duc d'Infantado her left, and conducted her Majesty to her litter, and the procession started. But the progress was very slow, and anything but glorious; the splendid dresses and trappings of the Spaniards were covered with snow; many a noble cavalier slipped on the icy roads; the luggage of the ladies went astray in the mountains, and they refused to be comforted by the abundance of fruits and preserves with which they were supplied. The goodly company of princesses and noble ladies who composed the queen's personal escort from Paris, lamented in angry terms the manifold inconveniences to which they were exposed. They pined for their dear Paris, the centre of all their

interests and affections,—the only one spot on earth where for them life was worth living. These great ladies were little accustomed to rough journeys in life; there were Elizabeth de Bretagne, Countess of Clermont; Susanne de Bourbon, wife of Claude de Rieux; Anne de Bourbon Montpensier, and others worthy of the greatness of the occasion. The procession was an illustrious one; and it certainly required much grandeur and magnificence to overcome the surrounding gloom. They passed the steep defiles of the wild sierras, over mountain crags, and through dark, lonely forests. The stately, solemn bearing of the Spanish grandees and their retainers was in harmony with the severe surroundings. The French court wore deep mourning; but notwithstanding the entire absence of bright colors, the courtiers were gay and joyous in comparison with the formal, reserved, melancholy, gloomy Spaniards, who were never heard to laugh, and whose features rarely relaxed into even a wintry smile.

The magnificent *cortège*, although delayed by storms and floods, arrived at last at Pampeluna. Everywhere the young queen was received with that overflow of joy, springs of which populations appear ever to possess, ready to be poured forth on any festive occasion. And this was certainly a remarkable one; youth, rare charm, and grace, enhancing beauty and queenly rank, concentrated in one person, could not fail to awaken the deepest sympathy and interest; they might even arouse emotions in the phlegmatic Spanish grandee. It was not until the queen arrived at Pampeluna—that city that has been styled "*muy nobili, muy leal, muy heroica*"—and after the religious ceremony in the grand cathedral built by Charles III. of Navarre, on her return to the palace, that a person appeared on the scene who cast a gloom over the bright prospects of the queen and the French court.

At the foot of the grand staircase of the palace the Countess d'Ureigna, who had been appointed camerera major, was in attendance. This post gave her entire supervision over the ladies of the court, and from the first she was determined to claim the full exercise of her authority. It was with the object of having a person entirely in his own confidence, and who, it was hoped, would ingratiate herself into the confidence of the young queen, that had induced the king to make this appointment; for the countess was well known to have passed through a troubled youth;

but Philip in his astuteness rightly judged that the strength of youthful passions would, when they were calmed by time, be exchanged for ambition, and that ambition could be best gratified by an entire submission to his will. The king's attachment to his beautiful bride did not alter, or it may be it strengthened, his natural disposition. He was well aware that his cold, repulsive features were not calculated to win the heart of youth; but if he could not command the affections by love and sympathy, he could exercise authority over them. And the Countess d'Ureigna was admirably adapted for the place to which she was appointed; no one could more easily analyze emotions and penetrate into the recesses of the heart than she, who was versed in courtly intrigues. It may well be imagined that the ladies of the French court would be in no way agreeable to her; and they, on the other hand, were predisposed to regard the countess with suspicion and mistrust.

The queen was prepared for the kind of person who was to exercise so great an influence on her future life. Even at her early age she had learned from her astute mother the proud art of concealing her thoughts; so the future guide, companion, and counsellor was welcomed with every expression of regard. The countess, with ill-concealed annoyance, had to pay her respects to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who was so nearly related to her Catholic Majesty, and a princess of the blood. The countess then presented to the queen the king's letter, which she was surprised to find contained less of a declaration of affection than a homily on the personal merits of the countess, and injunctions as to the great respect which was to be shown her.

If all courts tend to awaken in courtiers jealousies and rivalries, it may well be imagined what it must have been in a court composed of two nations who had been so long at war with each other. When the right of carrying her Majesty's train was transferred from the Countess of Clermont to the Countess d'Ureigna, the former lady was very indignant; nor were the ill-feeling and wounded vanity allayed when, in fulfilment of the spirit of the king's instructions, the queen expressed to the Spanish lady her gratification at being attended by so honorable and virtuous a personage, adding that she was prepared to love and esteem her, and to receive all her advice as if it were given her by the queen her mother. But while all this kindly courtesies awakened the most

bitter sentiments amongst her old, attached friends, it failed to win the arrogant Spaniard; the grace and charm of the young queen were entirely thrown away upon her; she could brook no rival, and nothing would have satisfied her but the immediate dismissal of the whole French court. This, however, could not be,—even the king could not interfere with the French princesses. This irritable feeling was expressed by both parties on every occasion, but it culminated in a most serious disturbance when the court left Pampeluna. The French princesses naturally took the lead in the procession, but this was at once disputed by the bearers of the countess; the rivalries of the mistresses had been taken up in an even more hostile spirit by the servants, so a regular struggle ensued, and the French were worsted in the fight—the royal bearers were jostled out of their places. When we read of the dignity and grandeur of Spanish life, it is difficult to realize the picture of the litters of princesses and great ladies being set down while the servants were waging a regular fight for the rights of their respective mistresses.

When her Majesty heard of this unseemly quarrel, she told the countess that it would give her great satisfaction if she would take her seat by her side in her own litter, but that it was not possible to assign to the blood royal of France an inferior position to that which the princesses enjoyed in their own country, for she felt that any indignity offered to them was an offence to her.

The Countess d'Ureigna expressed herself satisfied by this act of condescension on the part of the queen; but nevertheless bitter enmity fermented in her heart, and so little concealment was there, that all the respective suites of retainers met as enemies, not as friends. National hatreds are more powerful than the most admirably drawn articles of peace. The very qualities and even merits of each nation were entirely different. How could the haughty, stern Castilian find any companionship with the brilliant, sparkling, gay French courtier? The solemn movement of the grandee and the elastic step of the French courtier could never keep time to the same measure. In the midst of all the carousals and festivities, it had been difficult to prevent the latent bad feeling manifesting itself by acts of hostility, and during the journeying the danger of travel was greatly increased by the recent misunderstanding. Strict rules were alike given to the members of each household to avoid in the fu-

ture all misunderstandings; but this was to demand from national and natural tempers more self-command than the circumstances permitted. Unseemly manifestations of ill-will were, however, suppressed; but the bitterness was only smothered; the jealousies and rivalries, instead of being in some degree diminished by their repression, found vent in intrigues and calumnies; ill words and suspicions were whispered instead of being spoken aloud. The young queen became deeply depressed, the more so as the king manifested no impatience to join her. He was to have met her at Valladolid, but he stopped short at Guadalaxara. Might it not have been that even his bigotry was not able to stifle conscience, and that he had a dread of visiting the city where the shrieks of the victims of a pitiless priesthood had been borne recently into the defiles of the wild sierras? Was it seemly that at the first joyous entry the festive song and notes of mirth should almost mingle with the groans of the tortured and the yells of fanaticism? When the queen entered the city she was struck by its melancholy aspect; the horrible cruelties which it had witnessed were not yet forgotten; the streets through which the processions of death had passed had not resumed a festive appearance; the efforts of obsequious courtiers, the interest which the populace could not fail to take in youth and loveliness, failed to overcome the sense of depression. The pomp and pageant only rendered more remarkable the sadness and the gloom which hung like a funeral pall over the city of the Inquisition.

Guadalaxara, where Philip awaited the arrival of his bride, was the residence of the great family of Mendoza. In this princely abode Isabella was to meet for the first time her husband and master, — he whose presence, except in the case of a very few, chilled all hearts, and cast a dark shadow on the sunshine of youth and enjoyment. The young queen's feelings may be imagined when she first fixed her gaze on that stern, resolute face, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." She had endeavored to tutor her heart to sentiments of love and devotion; but the heart could not be so taught. It is its fate to be dependent on sympathy, and sympathy was a word unknown to Philip II. We read that his features never relaxed into a gracious smile at the sight of his beautiful bride, while she regarded him with an awe she vainly endeavored to conceal. Philip noticed the fixed and terrified gaze. She seemed to be fascinated,

and that in no pleasant manner, as she looked into those cold, loveless eyes. "What are you examining me for?" at last he demanded — "to see if I have any white hairs?" These words, says Brantôme, sank into her heart, and dismayed all who heard them, for they augured ill for the queen's happiness. It was truly a trying moment for one who from her earliest childhood had lived in the radiance of love. How the thought of all she had left behind must have mingled with the uncertainties of the future! The savage sierra was not more opposed to the peaceful charm of the purple-flowered Vega, than the cold Castilian nature to that of the gentle, lovely child of France.

There was present at the meeting of the king and his young queen the ill-fated prince whose sad life was destined to afford a subject for many a romance and controversy; it was the first interview of the son with his betrothed, as well as of the husband with his wife. If the portrait of Isabella had at once won the love of Don Carlos, it may well be imagined what he felt when he stood in her presence, her beauty so far exceeding all that the flattering reports of the courtiers and his excited imagination had led him to expect. As the agitation of the prince was manifest to the court, it is not surprising if dark and gloomy thoughts filled the suspicious mind of Philip. Explain and palliate it as he might, there was the simple fact that he had supplanted his son, — he had deprived him of his destined bride; but was it impossible that there lurked in Elizabeth's mind any regret that rigorous reasons of State had caused the father to be preferred to the son? It is true Philip was far superior to his son in natural gifts. If he could not boast of beauty, he possessed features which painters were powerful to record; and there was that in his mien which, in any condition of life, would have distinguished him from the crowd of ordinary men. Vast, gigantic thoughts were stamped on his brow; the marble, stern features conveyed the impression of perfect self-command, — a countenance which was not brightened at the news of the victory of Lepanto, nor overshadowed at the loss of the Armada. His complexion was yellow, but the features were keenly delineated, and but for his father's heavy under-jaw, his face was not unhandsome; albeit the cold grey eye betrayed the cold and callous heart. It was a face calculated to awaken awe rather than love; yet he was far superior to his son in manner and bearing. But for the unfortunate

circumstance that she had been betrothed to the son — and the affinities of youth are great — the young queen would have been the first to have noticed the deficiencies of the prince; but Elizabeth's gentle nature felt that pity and tender compassion for the ill-favored youth which, we are told, is akin to love. Don Carlos did not attempt to conceal the mingled feelings of admiration and irritation with which he saw his stepmother; painful indeed was it to know that under more auspicious circumstances he might have won the affections of one who was so passing fair. Her picture and public report had aroused a deep interest in his heart, when such interest was most desirable, for it caused him to withdraw his affections from very unworthy objects. On this first occasion of meeting, his painful emotion cannot but have added to his general unfavorable appearance, forming such a striking difference from his uncle, Don John of Austria, the future hero of Lepanto. There was little difference in the ages of the uncle and nephew, but a remarkable difference in their appearance and characters, which must have been painfully apparent to the sovereign and the court. Even in those early days Don John of Austria gave assurance of the possession of the qualities which hereafter bore testimony to his high descent, and justified the opinion Charles V. had formed of him. Very different was the esteem in which the great emperor held his grandson. When Don Carlos visited his grandfather at Yuste, the emperor was deeply distressed at his ungainly aspect and uncultivated manners. Whatever intelligence he might have developed under happier circumstances, and with a liberal education, had been entirely crushed by the dull routine and stern etiquette of his father's court. The one thing impressed upon him was the greatness to which he was born. And this knowledge, unaccompanied by those wise counsels which should have inculcated a deep sense of responsibility as one of large account to be rendered here and hereafter, awakened all the selfishness of his nature; he became tyrannical, brutal, the dread and scourge of the court. He had all his father's vices, his craft and cunning, without the courtly quality of dissimulation. Philip's dagger followed frequently after his smile; the ill-fated son's dagger was ever ready to strike even his boon companion. In his hours of revelry he was never seen to smile. He added physical to his mental infirmities; from his earliest youth he

was feeble and delicate; as one leg was shorter than the other, there could be no majesty in his walk or presence; always suffering from some complaint, his features wore an expression of pain. This at a court where dignity and distinguished bearing were of greater importance than intellectual qualifications! Don Carlos was well aware of his weakness and deficiencies, so he hoped to extort from the fear of those around him the awe and reverence which his presence failed to command. No dignitary of the court but was subject to the prince's anger; even the proud Duke of Alba, because on some occasion he omitted a slight act of deference, was insulted by the prince. Nor were his explosions of passion confined to his immediate circle; the tradesmen whom he employed entered the palace in fear and trembling. An unhappy boot-maker who made a pair of shoes too tight was compelled to eat them, after the prince had had them cut in pieces and boiled into a stew. His eccentricities were not unaccompanied by shrewdness and cleverness. On one occasion he wished to borrow fifteen hundred ducats. A merchant of great wealth readily promised to lend this sum. Unfortunately the promise was accompanied by the usual Spanish formal expression which prevailed in the sixteenth as it does now in the nineteenth century, "Todos a la disposici6n de Usted" — "All I have is at your service." The prince took him at his word — sent to occupy the poor man's house, and actually kept him in durance until he had paid sixty thousand ducats. Still there were not wanting many redeeming qualities in the prince's nature, and under happier circumstances his life might have been a prolonged and worthier one. He was brave, and proud of his race. When, at Yuste, his grandfather was recounting the moving accidents of his glorious career, and explaining why, in one of his campaigns, he retreated from Innspruck, Carlos interrupted him by the exclamation, "I never would have retreated!" The emperor's delight was great, and that chivalrous expression atoned for many deficiencies of manner and conduct. May it be considered as another redeeming feature the tender interest which he felt in his father's beautiful bride, since from the first moment the queen had power to soothe the prince in his saddest hours and lighten his darkest moods? But the influence she possessed was only the ascendancy of a sweet and gentle nature, — the deep pity for one whose whole condi-

tion was so unfortunate, and ill-suited to his station.

These were comparatively happy days for the young queen at Guadalaxara. If light clouds of jealousies and rivalries of the courtiers cast their shadows from time to time across the festive scene, they were soon dispersed. On the 21st February, 1560, the marriage was ratified, and the nuptial blessing was bestowed by the Archbishop of Burgos. Truly was it said that Elizabeth had come as the olive-branch of peace. Happy were the men, we are told by Brantôme, "who could approach so near as to get a glimpse of her beautiful countenance." And he adds: "No queen of Castile, with due deference to Isabella the Castilian, ever won so much love." Alas! that the ornament, the life, the delight of a court, was so soon to exchange all the pomp, purple, and pride of her youthful greatness for the gloom and silence and tomb of the Escorial.

In the very midst of these *fêtes* and rejoicings, in the day-dawn of her happiness, a midnight of anxiety and sorrow was at hand. The queen was suddenly seized with sickness and faintings. The physicians uttered the then almost fatal word "small-pox" — the disease so fatal to life, and to that beauty which makes life so dear to the young and fair. All festivities, pageants, and ceremonies were at once stopped. And they were no formal prayers which were offered up for the young queen. The tender anxiety and affection of the king were the marvel of the whole court. It seemed inexplicable how one so pitiless, so hard, so self-constrained, could in a short time have been softened and subdued by the contrast of so much excellence. His gloomy nature was lightened by the sun of her presence. Anxiety for another for the first time entered into his heart, and it was with unfeigned joy, after a few days' suspense, that he heard that the queen's life was safe.

During all this anxiety Catharine de Medici kept up constant communication with her daughter; courier succeeded courier, and the time of M. de Fourquevault, the French ambassador, was fully occupied. When the news of her daughter's safety reached the queen-mother, her fears were only partially allayed; she thought, not without reason, that the queen's influence would be seriously diminished if her beauty was marred. During her convalescence the reports of the effects of the malady on her personal appearance were as full, and at the same

time as anxiously awaited, as those of her malady itself. Catharine was fully sensible how much her daughter's influence over the king depended on the preservation of her beauty. The queen was not less anxious than her mother on this subject, and applied to her for the wonderful recipes for the preservation of her youthful charms which were so much sought after in the Italian and French courts. Lotions and pastes of all descriptions were sent from Paris, nor were potions of subtle composition wanting. Through the efficacy of these mysterious remedies, or in spite of them, the happy result was obtained, and the queen was restored to health in all the wealth of her charms.

Assiduous were the king's attentions to Elizabeth during her long illness. This cold, phlegmatic nature seemed to have been roused into a new life. Even at the time when the disease was at its height, and the risk of contagion was greatest, the king never ceased to attend upon her. Madame de Clermont writes to Catharine: "Le roi voit la reine tous les jours; je vous assure, Madame, que quand elle est mieux, son visage le montre, aussi que quand elle est mal il montre bien l'amitié qu'il lui porte, par le déplaisir qu'il en ressent." And again, "Le roi a si grand soin d'elle, qu'à toute heure il vient savoir comme elle se porte; il vient tous les jours. Une vieille lui a dit qu'il était le plus heureux du monde, d'avoir cette femme de France qu'il aimait bien, et ne doit se fâcher de rien, car s'il faisait Dieu lui donnerait une grande punition."

Thus it was that the impression of fear and anxiety, which had been awakened by the first sight of Philip, passed away from this child-queen; and as her confidence was restored, she won his love. Her simple, guileless nature had achieved a triumph where the ablest diplomatists had failed; she was permitted to advise on matters which until then had been shrouded in mystery. And on the most important State affairs the queen was consulted; even in the numerous court intrigues, in all the jealousies and differences which abounded in that circle of favorites, whose views were controlled by passions rather than by principles — even in these delicate matters the king lent an attentive ear to the queen's views. The Countess d'Ureigna found she was no longer listened to with the same confidence as formerly; for the danger of fostering so ambitious a nature, in a court which was the very centre of ambition, was urgently impressed on the king. And by the

queen's influence, the private reports which used to be given to the king by the countess, detailing all the gossip which was not considered unworthy of that stately, formal society, were ordered to be discontinued. The queen rapidly became, if not the guide, at least the companion, counsellor, and friend, not only of the king, but of the most influential of the courtiers. By her tact she allayed many animosities, and was beloved by all.

How, then, can it be explained that not only historians and statesmen, but even profound students, have not hesitated to associate the name of the queen with that of the unhappy boy Don Carlos, when there is nothing to justify the suspicion that her interest in him exceeded that which any kind and gentle nature might take in the sorrows and sufferings of another, especially when the sufferer was united with her in bonds of relationship? That the prince, who was deprived of sympathetic ties, and whose melancholy, isolated nature was stamped on his features, where the suspicious, dissatisfied expression told its own tale of sorrow and mistrust—that he should feel warmly towards that gentle being who was at one time to have been united to him, is in no way surprising. Unfortunately, he was very demonstrative in his attachment, during the queen's illness; his interest was evident to the least observant of a court, where all, even the smallest and most trivial incidents, were observed and recorded. His anxiety brought on a low fever, and the utmost quiet was recommended for him; but in opposition to the orders of the doctors, he insisted on being carried daily to the palace, that he might look at the apartments where she dwelt,—for no one was permitted to approach the queen for fear of contagion. The king was absent at this time, or it is probable the young prince's ardor would have been under more control. He indulged his feelings with the same passionate excess he manifested in all his pursuits. His wild, fantastic nature had never in his early boyhood been kept under restraint; he resisted all the arguments of the few true friends he possessed, who urged on him the danger of his arousing his father's suspicious, implacable character, and that such reckless conduct might injure her he professed to love so well.

Like many passionate natures of all times, and under all conditions, Don Carlos could not be persuaded that there was anything in his conduct to call forth blame, and that he showed no greater interest

in the queen than a stepson should for a young and beautiful stepmother. But the loftier the summit, the light that illumines it is the earliest and the brightest. It may, therefore, be well imagined that this unhappy passion was not unknown to all those who were interested in the queen's welfare. Even her nurse wrote of it with no malicious intention to the queen-mother. "Madame," she said, "the queen and one of her ladies frequently sing in a garden which is contiguous to the residence of the prince, who loves the queen profoundly—so much so, that he is never tired of speaking of her."

The question here arises: Were the king's suspicions aroused? was all his assiduous attention on the queen, his never-failing devotion, mere hypocrisy, the result of his self-control, the mask he wore the better to conceal the terrible tragedy which he was contemplating? Did the hatred of his son date from this period? Many, indeed most, of his biographers assert this. No doubt that Philip was a consummate dissembler; he could make all the dangerous passes with a smile,—witness his conduct to Egmont, and Horn, and Antonio Perez. Had his own interest been promoted by the destruction of Don Carlos, it cannot be doubted that he would have hesitated for a moment in any course of policy which would promote his own views, by any means however foul and false. But, on the contrary, he was most anxious about the succession to the throne; it was with great, wild demonstrations of public joy that he presented Don Carlos to the nation as the heir of this glorious inheritance. A nature so proud and ambitious as the king's was bound up with the character and dignity of his successor, and it is not possible to believe that unreasonable jealousies would lead him to entertain feelings repugnant to every principle of social life. If he was able to act the hypocrite with respect to his son, he certainly could scarcely do so in his intimate life with the queen; yet Madame Claude writes to Queen Catharine: "*La reine est aujourd'hui, Madame, en tel état près du roy son mary que les Majestés très chrétiennes et tous ceux qui aiment son bien et sont affectionnés à son service en devront remercier Dieu.*"

The confidence of Philip in the queen was so great—he placed so much reliance on her judgment and discretion—that he planned a journey in Aragon, Biscay, and Navarre. She was to remain in supreme authority at Madrid; while the courts of

the three kingdoms of Catalonia, Valencia, and Aragon were to meet to take the oath of fidelity to the prince as their future king. In announcing this interesting circumstance to the queen-mother, the ambassador writes: "The queen, your daughter, gains in beauty and perfection every day. She will also gain supreme excellence in all the virtues, and become the patron princess of the world. It is evident that she wins daily the confidence of the king, which is such an infinite advantage we can desire none greater." Sad that this glowing picture of domestic happiness had its reverse, for the poor little queen's constitution was sorely tried. Illness succeeded illness; she was worried by all the miserable petty intrigues of the court, and the strictness of the never-ending ceremonial,—for the king was merciless in matters of courtly etiquette. And when the hopes of a son were bitterly disappointed, the king became so nervous and agitated that he was advised to leave Madrid on a hunting expedition, from which he returned after an absence of only eight days, "*pour n'être trop longtemps absent de la dite dame, laquelle s'amende beaucoup plus de le voir, et de la bonne compagnie que ordinairement matin et soir il lui tient, que de nul remède qu'on lui puisse donner.*"

An important event now occurred to break the ordinary routine of the Spanish court, and to afford the courtiers an opportunity of gratifying their love of magnificence and display. It was announced to the king that the queen-mother, Catharine de Medici, intended to pay her daughter a visit, and that it was probable she would be accompanied by Elizabeth's brother, Charles IX. The real object of the queen-mother was to traverse, in her progress to the frontier, those provinces which had lately been in rebellion, and which were the centres of heresy. This journey of Catharine's was by no means agreeable to Philip, who made a short, uncourteous reply. Charles IX. and the queen-mother resolved that nothing should be wanting to add to the dignity and pomp of their progress. When Philip heard of the magnificent preparations made in France, this visit became still more distasteful to him. In addition to Catharine and the king, to enhance the glory of the French court there was the gentle presence of the Princess Marguerite de Valois. The king's brother the dauphin, and the Ducs de Guise and de Longueville, were also present. Never before had there been witnessed such an array of the gay

and brilliant chivalry of France, or of courtly beauties, who were worthy of the homage which they received. The French court was waiting some days at Bayonne. While the plenipotentiaries were toiling through the weary procedure—the procedure and etiquette to be observed on all occasions—the regulation of the pomp and circumstance, and the pride of office,—the court at Bayonne was enjoying a delightful holiday.

It was not without regret at the termination of a merry time that, all the preliminaries having been at last arranged, the court left Bayonne for St. Jean-de-Luz. It was in the month of May, and unusually hot for the season—so much so, that many of the soldiers sank under the weight of their armor. But this was a trifling detail in these days. Humanity was not considered in State affairs. A few deaths mattered little amid the general rejoicings, so the columns marched on until the Bidassoa was reached, where from a height their Majesties could witness with the glow of pride the march of the chivalry of France.

The next morning Queen Isabella descended from the Chateau of Irun, where she had arrived on the preceding evening. When her procession was seen to be starting, the queen-mother embarked and crossed the river. Queen Isabella, whose health compelled her being carried in a litter, stepped down and knelt before her mother, who lifted her up, and the mother and daughter wept with joy at the meeting.

How strangely history repeats itself! Three centuries roll by, and again two queens meet on the Spanish frontier,—and meet, be it said, with very different feelings. On the former occasion, rivalries, jealousies, and national antipathies were never absent. At the recent meeting the hearts of two widowed queens, each loved by their respective nations, were moved with deepest sympathies; and hereafter, as between England and Spain, Louis XIV. may have truly foretold, "There is now an end of the Pyrenees."

But the hour of parting came; the mother and daughter bade a sad farewell on the bank of the rushing river, and Isabella returned to the Spanish shore. The whole neighboring population flocked down to greet her return; not without uneasiness had they seen her leave it, for between these two nations there was a deep current of mistrust. Strange that in the history of nations, as in that of indi-

viduals, proximity does not lead to natural confidence. The frontiers of countries and of hearts have frequently to be jealously guarded. Close vicinity or relationship does not always lead to confidence or friendship; but at any rate, to the last the appearance of mutual regard was maintained, and the young queen sustained the happy name of Isabella della Pace. She herself was radiant with happiness, for the king had expressed the most anxious desire for her return; their meeting after an absence of nineteen days fully justified her confidence in his affection. M. de Saint Sulpice wrote to the queen-mother: "I have just returned from kissing the queen's hand. I found her full of joy and happiness at meeting her husband, who has so much affection and love for her." Thus far the marriage of Philip II. and Elizabeth of Valois had been fraught with good. Alas! as will be seen in the sequel, the brightness of the morn will sink into the deep shadows of the night.

LAMINGTON.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
A FORGOTTEN REBELLION.

THE following Reuter's telegram was published in the morning papers of the 12th February last: "Melbourne, February 11th. The death is announced of Mr. Peter Lalor, formerly speaker of the Victorian Legislative Assembly."

Some seven years ago, during the course of a visit to the Antipodes, I happened to spend some time in her Majesty's and Lord Normanby's (the vice-king of Victoria for the time being) loyal and prosperous city of Melbourne. One afternoon I strolled into the public gallery of the hall in the big pile at the head of Collins Street West, on the floor of which are held the momentous deliberations of that august assembly, the Lower House of the Victorian Legislature. Aloft on the dais in his chair of state I beheld the speaker of the Victorian Commons, a short, plump, one-armed gentleman in court dress; swarthy of feature, lips full, chin indicative of some power, with a bright, moist eye, and a countenance whose general expression was of unctuous contentment and sly humor. In answer to my question, my neighbor on the bench of the gallery informed me that the gentleman whom I was regarding with interest was the Hon. Peter Lalor, an Irishman of course — that his name betokened

— a man held in high repute by his fellow-colonists, a scholar, an eloquent orator, and possessed of great political influence, which he always exerted in the furtherance of steady moderation and sound legislation. It occurred to me to inquire of my neighbor if he knew how Mr. Lalor came to be short of an arm, the reply to which question was that he believed he had lost it in some trouble on the gold-fields in the early days, the true story of which my informant had "never rightly learned." Subsequently I frequently met Mr. Lalor, and conceived for him a great liking. We used to meet at a little evening club off Bourke Street, and the worthy speaker, as often as not still in the old-fashioned single-breasted coat of the court dress which he had worn in the chair of the Legislative Assembly, smoked his pipe, drank his stiff nobbler of Irish whiskey, sang his song, and told stories always droll and often very interesting, chiefly of his experiences on the gold-fields in the early "surface-diggings" days. But he never alluded to the way in which he had lost his arm, and it grew upon me in a gradual sort of way that the topic was one which he would prefer should not be introduced.

It is the strange truth that this dour elderly gentleman, this high functionary of the colonial Legislature, was, in the year of grace, 1854, the commander-in-chief of an armed force in a state of declared rebellion and fighting under an insurrectionary flag against an attack made upon it by regular troops in the service of Queen Victoria. It was in the far from bloodless combat of the "Eureka Stockade" that he had lost his arm — the loss caused by a hostile bullet; and but that, wounded as he was, he escaped and lay hidden while recovering from the amputation, he would have stood in the dock where many of his comrades did stand, undergoing his trial on the charge of high treason, as they actually underwent theirs.

I do not believe that in all the world, the United States of America not excepted, any community has ever progressed with a swiftness and expansion so phenomenal as has the colony which her gracious Majesty permitted to take her own name when she granted it a separate existence in November, 1850. It had been but fifteen years earlier that the first settlers — the brothers Henty, one of whom died only a few months ago — came across Bass Straits from Van Diemen's Land in their little Thistle. In 1837 the town of Melbourne was laid out, and one hundred

allotments were then sold on what are now the principal streets. The aggregate sum which the one hundred allotments fetched was 3,410*l*. Last summer the same allotments were carefully valued by experts, and it was calculated that, exclusive of the buildings erected on them, they could now be sold for nineteen and a half million pounds. This stupendous increment has accrued in half a century, but in effect the appreciation has almost wholly occurred during the last thirty-five years. Before 1851, when the gold discoveries were made, Victoria prospered in an easy, gentle fashion. Its scanty population, outside its two petty towns, were wholly engaged in stock-raising; almost its sole exports were wool, hides, and tallow. The gold find upset as by a whirlwind the lazy, primitive social system of the bucolic era. From all the ends of the earth, gentle and simple, honest man and knave, hurried swarming and jostling to the new El Dorado. Mr. Ruxton, one of the colonial historians, omits to particularize the reputable elements of the immigration deluge, but in his caricatured Macaulay-ese, he zealously catalogues the detrimental and dangerous accessions. "From California," he writes, "came wild men, the waifs of societies which had submitted to or practised lynch law. The social festers of France, Italy, and Germany shed exfoliations upon Australia. The rebellious element of Ireland was there. The disappointed crew who thought to frighten the British Isles from their propriety in 1848 were represented in some strength. The convict element of Australia completed the vile ingredients." And yet it was wonderful how small was the actual crime of a serious character, when the utter disintegration of restraining institutions is taken into consideration. In January, 1852, when daily shiploads of gold-mad immigrants were being thrown into Melbourne, only two of the city constables remained at their duty. The chief constable himself had to go on a beat. In the country the rural police to a man had forsaken their functions and made haste to the diggings. In the first rush the capital was all but depopulated of its manhood; there remained behind but the women and children, who had to shift for themselves. An advance of fifty per cent. of salary did not avail to retain at their desks the officials in the public offices. Servants had gone. Gentlemen and ladies had to carry water from the river for household purposes, for the water-cart supply had been arrested by the departure of the

carters. It was said that poor Mr. Latrobe himself, the amiable but weak lieutenant governor, had to black his own boots and groom his own horse. In the wholesale absence of workmen no contract could be insisted on. The squatters shuddered, too, as the shearing season approached, knowing that all the shearers were digging or cradling in Forest Creek, or on Mount Alexander. It was then that Mr. Childers, who at the time was an immigration agent, made his famous bull. "Wages of wool-pressers, 7*s*. to 8*s*. a day; none to be had." To such an extent did prices rise that there was the danger lest government could not afford to supply food to prisoners in gaol. A contractor for gaol necessities claimed and got one hundred and sixty-six per cent. over his price of the year before, and, notwithstanding this stupendous increase, had to default. In April, 1852, fifty ships were lying useless in Hobson's Bay, deserted by their crews. Carriage from Melbourne to Castlemaine was at one time 100*l*. per ton.

Diggers who had "struck it rich" came down to Melbourne for a spree, and it was a caution how they made the money fly. The barber I employed used to tell me how the lucky diggers would chuck him a sovereign for a shave, and scorn the idea of change. A rough fellow called a cab in Bourke Street and wanted to engage it for the day; the cabman replied that the charge would be seven pounds, which he supposed was more than the digger would care to pay. "What is the price of the outfit as it stands, yourself included?" demanded the latter, and forthwith bought the said "outfit" for £150. When a digger and the lady he proposed temporarily to marry went into the draper's shop, the only question asked was whether the tradesman had no goods dearer than those he had shown. Ten-pound notes were quite extensively used as pipe-lights.

The additional expenditure entailed on the colonial government by the immense increase to the colony's population, by the enhanced cost of administration, and by the added charges for the maintenance of order, it was perfectly fair should be met by a tribute levied in some manner on the gold the quest for and the yield of which had occasioned the necessity. An export duty would have met the case with the minimum of expense in collection and of friction, but Latrobe and his advisers preferred the expedient of exacting from each individual miner a monthly fee for the license permitting him to dig.

While the gold-field population was

small, the license system, although from the beginning hated as an oppressive exaction, did not excite active hostility. Every digger was bound to produce his license on demand; but the officer or trooper charged with the inquisition did not need to put it in force oftener than once a month in a community pretty well every member of which he knew by sight. But with the swarms of new-comers the facility for evasion and the difficulty of detection were alike increased. In the throng of thousands, the demand for production of the license might be repeated frequently, and give not wholly unreasonable umbrage to the busy digger. It naturally angered a man digging against time at the bottom of a hole, to have to scramble out and show his license; it angered him worse to be peremptorily sent for it to his tent if he had omitted to bring it along with him. And if the license could not be produced at all, the defaulter was summarily hauled away to be dealt with according to the by-laws. Men were to be seen standing chained in "the camp," as the gold-commissioner's quarters were called, waiting for their punishment.

The license fee at first was £1 10s. a month. As expenses increased Mr. Latrobe notified its increase to double that amount. Neither sum hurt the lucky digger who was down among the nuggets; but the smaller tariff was a strain on the unsuccessful man, with food at famine prices and every necessary costing well-nigh its weight in gold. The doubled impost was declared a tyranny to be resisted; the lower one an injustice only tolerated on sufferance. Violent meetings were held at Forest Creek and elsewhere, at which the new tax was vigorously denounced; and poor Mr. Latrobe cancelled the order for it before it had come into effect. He could not help himself; had he been prepared to go to extremities he had inadequate strength, with a handful of soldiers at his disposal, to enforce the enactment. But, spite of his temporizing, a bitter feeling grew between the miners and the gold-field officials. The commissioner at Forest Creek burned the tent of a camp trader, on a perjured charge of illicit spirit-selling brought by an informer. Then followed an excited public meeting, and the gold-field was placarded with notices: "Down with the troopers! Shoot them! Down with oppression! Diggers, avenge your wrongs! Cry 'no quarter,' and show no mercy!"

The informer was convicted of perjury, and the authorities compensated the burnt-

out trader, but the ill-feeling was not mitigated. A deputation of miners waited on the governor to report the irritation engendered by collection of the license fees by "armed men, many of whom were of notoriously bad character;" to complain of the chaining to trees and logs of non-possessors of licenses, and their being sentenced to hard labor on the roads; and to demand the reduction of the fee to 10s. a month. Mr. Latrobe simply told the deputation he would consider the petition; and the deputation went out from his presence to attend a public meeting of Melbourne citizens convened by the mayor. There some of the delegates spoke with threatening frankness. "What they wanted, they would have; if peacefully, well; if not, a hundred thousand diggers would march like a ring of fire upon Melbourne, and take and act as they listed." Under threat Mr. Latrobe wilted, and announced that for the month of September no compulsory means would be adopted for the enforcement of the license fee; at the same time inconsistently sending to Forest Creek a detachment of regular soldiers which had reached him.

In the beginning of 1854, not before it was time, the weak and vacillating Latrobe was succeeded as governor of Victoria by the more peremptory Hotham, who was not long in office before he issued a circular ordering the gold-fields police to make a strenuous and systematic search after unlicensed miners, and soon after concentrated several hundred regular soldiers at Ballarat, the centre of a densely thronged gold-field, where an incident had exasperated the chronic irritation of the diggers caused by the rigorous enforcement of the license inquisition. In a Ballarat slum a digger was killed in a scuffle by a fellow named Bentley, an ex-convict who kept a low public-house. The police magistrate before whom Bentley was brought promptly dismissed the charge. He was proved to be habitually corrupt, and there was no doubt that he had been bribed by Bentley's friends. The miners, enraged by the immunity from punishment of the murderer of one of themselves, gathered in masses round Bentley's public-house, and sacked and burned it in spite of the efforts of the police to hinder them. Hotham dealt out what he considered even justice all round. He dismissed from office the corrupt magistrate; he had Bentley tried and convicted of manslaughter; and he sent to gaol for considerable terms the ringleaders of the mob who had burnt that fellow's house. The

jurymen who reluctantly found them guilty added the rider, that they would have been spared their painful duty "if those entrusted with the government of Ballarat had done their duty."

The conviction of their comrades infuriated the miners, and thenceforward their attitude was that of virtual rebellion. A "Ballarat Reform League" was promptly formed, whose avowed platform it was "to resist, and if necessary to remove, the irresponsible power which tyrannized over them." The League was not yet indeed eager for an "immediate separation from the parent country . . . but if Queen Victoria continues to act upon the ill advice of dishonest ministers . . . the League will endeavor to supersede the royal prerogatives, by asserting that of the people, which is the most royal of all prerogatives." The leading spirits of the League were of curious by diverse nationalities. Vern was a Hanoverian, Raffaello an Italian, Joseph a negro from the United States, Lator — Peter Lator, my friend of the speaker's chair, the court suit, and the one arm — was of course an Irishman, H. Holyoake (socialist), Hayes, Humfrays, and others were Englishmen. Delegates were despatched to the other gold-fields to bring in accessions of disaffected diggers. Holyoake went to Sandhurst; Black and Kennedy to Creswick. With drawn sword in hand, Black led into Ballarat the Creswick contingent, marching to their chant of the "Marseillaise."

On November 29 more than twelve thousand miners gathered in mass meeting on Bakery Hill, just outside Ballarat. An insurrectionary flag was unfurled, and one of the leaders who advised "moral force" was hooted down as a trimmer. Peter Lator, at that time in the enjoyment of both his arms, made himself conspicuous at this meeting, which ended with shots of defiance and a bonfire of the obnoxious licenses. But the miners, although they had pretty well by this time drawn the sword, had not yet thrown away the scabbard. Governor Hotham was a resolute man, and had the full courage of his opinions. He had concentrated at Ballarat about four hundred and fifty regular soldiers and armed police, the command of which force he had given to Captain Thomas of the 40th regiment, with instructions "to use force when legally called upon to do so, without regard to the consequences which might ensue." As his retort to the Bakery Hill manifesto, he sent instructions that the license inqui-

sitions should be more diligently enforced than ever. If he were convinced that the trouble must be brought to the definite issue of bloodshed as the inevitable prelude to the tranquillity of the beaten, he probably acted wisely in this; and doubtless he had calculated the risk that might attend this policy of forcing the game. One of the gold-field commissioners, duly escorted by police, went out from the camp on the thirtieth, on the hunt after unlicensed miners. He and his police were vigorously stoned; more police came on the ground, led by a specially resolute commissioner. He ordered the diggers to disperse; they would not; so he read the Riot Act, and sent for the soldiers. Shots were fired — it is not said anybody was wounded by them; but a policeman had his head cut open. The mob dispersed, and the commissioner triumphed in making sundry miners show their licenses.

It was then that war was declared, at a mass meeting held on the Bakery Hill on the afternoon of the thirtieth. Who was to command? Peter Lator, fired by enthusiasm — sarcastic persons have hinted at whiskey — volunteered for the duty, and was nominated commander-in-chief by acclamation. Hundreds swore to follow and obey him. Drilling was immediately commenced. Lator was said to have recommended pikes to those who had no fire-arms. The words attributed to him were that the pikes would "pierce the tyrants' hearts." He set himself systematically to requisition horses, arms, food and drink, designating himself in the receipts he gave as "Commander-in-Chief of the Diggers under arms."

After the thirtieth, there was no more digging for a time on any gold-field in the vicinity of Ballarat. A reinforcement of soldiers for Thomas was reported on the way from Melbourne, and patriots were sent into the roads to notify its approach so that it might be intercepted. Arms and ammunition were taken wherever found, and a thousand armed men paraded Ballarat in full sight of the camp, robbing stores, forcibly enrolling recruits, and seizing arms. It was reported that the camp — the enclosure in which were quartered the authorities, the soldiers, and the police — was to be assailed in force, and on the night of December 1, dropping shots were actually fired into it. Captain Thomas forbade reprisals. Like Brer Rabbit he "lay low." The world wondered why the Thiers government in Versailles delayed so long to give the word to the troops to

go at the Communards in Paris. The delay was at the suggestion of Bismarck. "Keep the trap open," he said in effect, "till all the anarchical ruffianhood of Europe shall have gathered inside it; the time to close it is when the influx of scoundrels ceases. Once in we have them to a man; nobody can get out, the German cordon prevents that." Captain Thomas, in a small way, reasoned on the Bismarckian lines. He refrained from attacking while as yet the miners were straggling all over the place, and waited calmly, spite of provocation and appeals to do otherwise, until they should have concentrated themselves into a mass.

Lalor, however, was not drifting around Ballarat; he was seriously attending to his duty as rebel commander-in-chief. The summit of Eureka Hill, about a mile and a half from the town, was rather a commanding position, and there he was engaged in the construction of a hasty fortification with entrenchments and other obstacles, such as ropes, slabs, stakes, and overturned carts. This construction is known in the history of the colony as the Eureka Stockade. Captain Thomas did not allow the rebel chief much time in which to elaborate his defences. He kept his own counsel rigorously until after midnight of December 2; at half past two on the morning of the third he led out to the assault of the Eureka Stockade a force consisting of one hundred mounted men, part soldiers, part police, one hundred and fifty-two infantry soldiers of the line, and twenty-four foot police; all told, two hundred and seventy-six men exclusive of officers. Approaching the stockade he sent the horsemen round to threaten the rebel position in flank and rear, while his infantry moved on the front of the entrenchment. The defenders were on the alert. At one hundred and fifty yards distance a sharp fire, without previous challenge, rattled among the soldiers. Thomas ordered his bugler to sound "commence firing," sent the skirmishers forward rapidly, caught them up with the supports, and rushed the defences with the words, "Come on, Fortieth!" The entrenchment was carried with wild hurrahs, "and a body of men with pikes was immolated under the eye of the commander before the bugle to cease firing recalled the soldiers from the work to which they had been provoked. The rebel flag was hauled down with cheers, all found within the entrenchment were captured, and some of the many fugitives were intercepted by the cavalry."

The insurrection was at an end. About thirty diggers had been killed on the spot, several subsequently died of wounds, and one hundred and twenty-five were taken prisoners. Of the attacking force an officer and a soldier were killed, and thirteen men were wounded, some mortally. The military were promptly reinforced from Melbourne, and martial law was proclaimed, but resistance had been quite stamped out with the fall of the stockade. A commission of inquiry was sent to the gold-fields without delay, and its report recommended a general amnesty (to include the prisoners awaiting trial) and the modified abolition of the license fee. Nevertheless, some of the Eureka insurgents were arraigned on the charge of high treason, but in every case the Melbourne juries brought in a verdict of acquittal, and, therefore, no steps were taken to apprehend their comrades who had escaped and were in hiding. The amnesty was complete, although never formally proclaimed. Peter Lalor, for whose apprehension a reward of £200 had been offered, affably emerged from the concealment into which he had been so fortunate as to escape from the stockade. While lying perdu, one of his arms, which had been smashed by a bullet in the brief action, had been skilfully amputated, and Peter had made a satisfactory recovery. During his retirement he wrote a defence of his conduct, and claimed that, as hour after hour of the eventful night passed without an attack, the greater number of the fifteen hundred defenders who were in the stockade until midnight had gone away to bed, so that, when the attack was made, there actually remained in the enclosure only about one hundred and twenty men. He expressed the frankest regret that "we were unable to inflict on the real authors of the outbreak the punishment they so richly deserved." A year after he emerged from hiding, the one-armed ex-rebel was returned to Parliament by a mining constituency. Thus he ranged himself, and five-and-twenty years later was sitting in a court dress in the chair of the Legislative Assembly of the colony.

ARCH. FORBES.

From Nature.

NOTES ON STANLEY'S JOURNEY.

I HAVE watched every footstep of Stanley for the past twenty years, had constant intercourse with him during his short vis-

its to this country, and have unbounded confidence in him as a pioneer, for I cannot but admire the noble efforts he has made to open up Africa to civilization. Wherever he has travelled he has left his mark behind him; others may follow his example without fear of being molested, and he has given us such vivid descriptions of the regions mapped by him that, for all practical purposes, no traveller need supervise his work. Some say he has been too high-handed with the natives, but I may be allowed to think that his power of influencing those over whom he holds command has proved him to be the most trusted and successful traveller of the age. If his explorations be quickly and judiciously followed up, the native inhabitants will feel security against all oppression, and the traders in slaves will be expelled from the country.

Brilliant is scarcely the name to give the exploit of Mr. Stanley, as given in his recently published letters. What instance in travel can excel such devotion? Is there a schoolboy who does not admire a man with his indomitable pluck and dogged perseverance? His latest journey to relieve Emin Pasha has outstripped, if possible, all his previous explorations in the "Dark Continent." Those one hundred and sixty days of toil, from June 28 to December 12, 1888, through starvation, desertion, mutiny, savage dwarfs and cannibals, thorny thickets, darkness, and swamps, were enough to try the patience of any human being; but, thank God, his British pluck never failed him; on and on he pressed, while his native followers were in utter despair, and broke out into mutiny. He used every persuasion with them; all failed. What was he to do? He felt that his duty was to relieve Emin Pasha—his countrymen expected this—and, with his accustomed sense of what was just and right, the two ringleaders of the mutinous band were hung in the presence of his camp-followers. This wholesome example proved to be the saving of his expedition. He emerged from the poisoned atmosphere of the forest, and says that he was amply rewarded when his remaining native followers kissed his hands in grateful acknowledgment of being delivered from death.

The party proceeded on, moving with great glee across the grassy slope amidst villages and cultivation, soon standing upon the brink of the crags which overhang the western shores of the Albert Nyanza of Baker. Here fresh difficulties

arose; the suspicious natives would give them no canoes, would hold no intercourse with him. Emin Pasha's steamer was not in sight, and, after consulting his officers, Stanley retired to an entrenched position, sent Stairs, R.E., for his English-built boat, and terrible though this journey had been in every form, the heroic Stanley won his point, and shook hands with Emin Pasha on April 29, 1888, four hundred and sixty-five days after leaving Charing Cross to his relief.

It is quite possible that he may return to England by the end of May, but there are several reasons which may delay him. The difficulty of providing for so large a party as ten thousand followers belonging to Emin Pasha—this is a most anxious charge. Again, Stanley's thirst to solve the problem of the unexplored country south of the Albert Lake may lead him there, and I really feel more anxious about him since the arrival of his letters than I felt before we heard of his safety, for he is so fearless, he never sees a difficulty.

The marvellous growth of vegetation upon Stanley's route is not to be wondered at, as we know that in similar latitudes, such as Uganda, Borneo, and the Amazon, the same density of undergrowth and forest exists. A band of moisture encompasses the world at the equator, extending three to four degrees of latitude on either side; the vertical rays of the sun beat down with great intensity, and vegetation is almost seen to grow. In Uganda I have seen the banana-trees, after being felled, shoot up from their centres immediately after their stems had been cut across; the roots of the trees are surrounded by spongy soil laden with moisture from the daily fall of misty rain, and the powerful sun completes the formation of the great forests of banana-trees, without the aid of cultivation, beyond the help of the decayed leaves. We see the same process in the great belt of forest called in India the "Terai," which extends along the bases of the southern spurs of the Himalayas. Here the rains which fall upon these spurs, ooze out over the lands of the Terai and feed the roots of the magnificent forest trees, forming food and shelter for the wild elephant, boar, and swamp-loving creatures; but the atmosphere is almost certain death to all human beings except the inhabitants. We cannot, therefore, feel any surprise that Stanley and all his party suffered from sickness, and wonder how any of them escaped alive.

"Ugarrowa or Ulede Balyuz, a tent-boy of Speke's," an "Arab slave-dealer," is constantly mentioned in Stanley's interesting narrative. I am able to give some information about this person if he be the same "Ulede," one of "Speke's faithfuls," represented in the *Illustrated London News* of July 4, 1863, as "Ulede Senior," in a photograph taken by Royer in Cairo. He told me that he was a native of Uhiao, was captured by the Watuta in infancy, and sold as a slave to a Zanzibar trader. He was engaged by Speke as a load-carrier, and became my valet, which he continued to be till our arrival in Cairo. He was thoroughly trustworthy, as many of his race are, and more intelligent than most of our men. He could name accurately every march in our journey, most of the trees and plants, and could tell a capital story. His career has been deservedly successful, and though from circumstances he has become a well-known dealer in slaves, I might ask what career is open to any young man of African origin who has never received the slightest education. Ulede Balyuz (*i.e.*, the consul's boy) has done good service in sheltering Stanley's sick, and in transmitting the graphic despatches which we have all read with profound interest, therefore he ought not to be condemned too hastily, but rather be utilized by the Congo Free State government as the head of a district.

The dwarfs mentioned by Stanley must be very numerous, as he came upon one hundred and fifty villages of them. One specimen alone was seen by Speke and myself in Unyoro, and at least one perfect skeleton has been received from Emin Pasha by Professor Flower. They seem very proficient in hunting, and used every conceivable device to poison the men of Stanley's party by placing staked pitfalls on the path, in the manner in which they would trap an elephant or antelope, and it appears they were only too successful.

We must wait for Stanley's return to hear more of the race of Manyema. I believe this race to be the Nyam-Nyam described thirty years ago by Mr. Petherick, but without knowing their tribal marks and arms, this cannot be decided. Meantime, these daring, cruel savages have shot down poor Major Barttelot, and are engaged by the slave-dealers of Zanzibar to plunder, capture, and kill the inhabitants, and reduce the country to a wilderness; so that, through Stanley's brave deeds, we have our work of civilization before us.

J. A. GRANT.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
BEAU BRUMMELL.

THE character of Beau Brummell is generally misrepresented. True he was a fop, or "masher," but he was much more than this. He had talent, and knew how to use it, as is evidenced by the fact that he raised himself from a humble position in life to be a companion of, and to be almost feared by, princes.

He was born in 1778. His grandfather was a confectioner, whose son got a government appointment, and was able to send the Beau to Eton and Oxford. Of course the only profession he could enter was that man-millinery affair, the 10th Hussars. So little did he know of the business of an officer that on parade he never could find his troop. Fortunately there was a soldier in it who had a great blue nose, which served as his beacon and his guide. One day the soldier was absent, and Brummell, late as usual, was looking out for him. The old colonel thundered, "Why don't you find your troop?" "Why, sir," said the imper-turbable Brummell, "I am looking for my nose." At last he gave up the army. The regiment was ordered to Manchester, and he really had to draw the line at that. On one occasion Brummell thought, or pretended to think, himself invited to somebody's country-seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told a friend in town, who asked him what sort of place it was, that it was an "exceedingly good place for stopping one night in." Manchester seemed to him not to be good enough to stop even one night in.

On leaving the army he set up as a gentleman at large, and became supreme in the fashionable world. His judgment was final, but not always easy to follow, as when, in answering a reference made to him as to what sum would be sufficient to meet the annual expenditure for clothes, he said, "that, with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, he thought it might be managed for eight hundred per annum." In his own person Brummell realized the perfection of dress—that is, that if you had seen him you would not have noticed how he was dressed. Three hundred cravats would be tried to obtain the proper wrinkle. Believing that the man who made the fingers of his gloves could not make the thumbs, he had two artists for the purpose. Walking down Bond Street with a nobleman, he suddenly stopped, and looked at the other's feet. "What do you call these?" he said.

"Shoes," replied the other. "Oh! I thought they were slippers."

All that concerned the king of fashion was talked about and excited interest. Having taken into his head at one time to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he thought deeply awhile, and then, with intense ponderousness, said he believed he had once—eaten a pea. Compare with this his reply when somebody consoled with him upon a supposed matrimonial failure. He smiled, with an air of better knowledge upon that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth, "Why, sir, the truth is, I had great reluctance in cutting the connection; but what could I do? [Here he looked deploring and conclusive.] Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage!" Being met limping and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and "the worst of it is, it is my favorite leg."

Somebody inquiring where he was going to dine next day, was told that he really did not know; "they put me in a coach and take me somewhere." And yet he considered that he conferred no small honor upon any one with whom he did dine, as will be seen from the following. Having borrowed some money from a City beau, whom he patronized in return, he was one day asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened?" "No." "Why, do you know, there's that fellow Tompkins, who lent me five hundred pounds; he has had the face to ask me for it, and yet I called the dog 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him!" His impudence was sublime. After dining with some old squire, he asked, "Who is going to have the honor of taking me to the Duchess of So-and-So's?" "Why, you will go in my carriage," said the host. "But what will *you* do?" said Brummell; "you can't get up behind, and you can't be my *vis-à-vis*." Being asked if he liked port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, "Port? Port?—oh,—*port*!—oh, ay! what, the hot intoxicating liquor so much drunk by the lower orders?" Speaking lightly of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contempt, he said, "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

Last summer used to remind me of one of his sayings. On being asked by a friend, during an unseasonable summer, if he had ever seen such a one, "Yes," replied Brummell, "last winter."

But his own summer did not last long. It was on the mid-summer day of it, so to speak, that he is said to have declared he would order the prince regent to ring a bell. "George, ring the bell," he said. Even the prince's endurance could not stand that. He rang the bell, and—ordered "Mr. Brummell's carriage." So the story goes, but it seems to belong not to Brummell, but to a young sailor highly connected, who told the prince to ring the bell. He did it; and when the servant came, he said, "Take that poor little drunken fool off to bed." The real cause of estrangement was Mrs. Fitzherbert, who took a dislike to Brummell, and expressed it to the prince. But Brummell had his revenge, as shown in the well-known anecdote of Brummell asking a companion, whom the prince had addressed in Brummell's presence without noticing him, "Who's your fat friend?" At another time he said that, if the prince didn't mind what he was about, he would bring old George III. into fashion again.

Brummell was extinguished by impetuosity. He had great bills for washing, soap, eau de cologne, blacking, and gloves; so he wrote to his friend Scrope Davies: "Dear Davies,—All my money is in the Three per Cents. Send me some." His friend replied: "Dear Brummell,—All mine is in the Three per Cents. Can't be done."

As his kingdom could not be carried on without money, the king of dandies abdicated. He went off by night, setting like the sun in glory. From the opera he departed for Dover, and landed in Calais. "The effects of a gentleman declining housekeeping" were disposed of; and Brummell's brought immense sums. In one of the many snuff-boxes that were sold was found a slip of paper with these words: "This snuff-box was intended for his Royal Highness the prince regent, if he had conducted himself with propriety towards me."

This is the way Brummell spent his day at Calais. He rose at nine, took coffee, and read the *Morning Chronicle* till twelve. At twelve to a minute, he came out in his flowered dressing-gown, and in majesty crossed the passage which led to his sanctum to dress for company. This solemn operation occupied two hours. Then he held his levée to receive company. At five o'clock he dined. He had now to submit to the degradation of drinking beer, for which awful vulgarity he apologized to himself by pretending it was good for his little complaints. The

rest of the evening he spent quietly with his dog Gyp. He was fond of animals, and one day made an honest confession to a lady. "If I saw a man and a dog in danger, and if nobody was looking, I would rather save the dog than the man."

George IV. was passing through Calais, and, recognizing the Beau, exclaimed, "Good God! there's Brummell." There is a story that the king asked the consul for his snuff-box. That functionary, not being a snuffer, borrowed one of Brummell. The king knew it to be his; so he took a pinch, put a £100 note in it, and sent it back. Brummell took the money. He was not nice about some things, even though he carried about with him a silver spitting-dish: for "no gentleman could spit in clay."

Through the influence of his friends, Brummell was after some time appointed British consul for lower Normandy. Though heavily in debt he was invited, before leaving Calais, to subscribe for the erection of an Episcopal chapel. What was his answer? "Really, I am very sorry that you didn't call last week; for it was only yesterday I became a Catholic. However, put me down for one hundred francs." He never paid the money, and when invited to meet the bishop at dinner he excused himself in this admirably truthful letter: "You must excuse me not having the pleasure to dine with you and the trustees of the Church Establishment this day. I do not feel myself sufficiently prepared in spirit to meet a bishop, or in pocket to encounter the plate after dinner; moreover, I should be a fish out of water in such a convocation."

At last he set off for Caen, with one attendant. When this man got back he was asked, "I suppose you found Brummell a very pleasant companion?" "Oh, very pleasant, indeed." "Yes, but what did he say?" "Say, sir? why nothing; he slept the whole way." "And you call that pleasant. Perhaps he snored?" "Well, sir, he did; but I must say he snored very much like a gentleman." The man's whole soul was filled with the privilege he had enjoyed in having been snored at by Brummell.

At Caen the Beau was pestered with all sorts of people, wishing to make his acquaintance. One lady was his peculiar horror; and she, watching her opportunity, as he was leaving the hotel, called to him to come up and "take tea." He looked

at her with his calm eye: "Madame, you take medicine; you take a walk; you take a liberty; but, madame, you *drink* tea."

On one occasion Brummell drew, in reference to himself, a prophetic pun-picture of "the broken beau"—Cupid weeping over his shattered weapon. Sooner than perhaps he expected it was realized. Blow after blow began now to fall upon him. First the consulate was abolished, and then he had a stroke of paralysis. But the first touch of paralysis was of another kind—the bailiffs. The Beau fled to the bedroom of his landlady; he went further—he got into the wardrobe, and there, from amongst the faded contents, he cried, "Madame, do for goodness' sake come and take out the key." A considerable sum of money was sent by friends in England, but even of this he was not careful, and when it was at an end the Beau was imprisoned by his creditors. Soon he had to write begging letters for food. "You will be the best of beings if you will renew your benefaction *en forme de gâteau*." His degradation was complete. The man of three shirts a day was reduced to one a month. He who "cut" a man for cutting his nails in his presence, in default of a towel had to rub himself down with his dirty shirt. He had even to take to black cravats. His memory began to fail, and urchins in the street to mock him. A lady of distinction came *incognito* to see him, and went off in tears. He dreamt away his time by the fire, and now and then had the door flung open and "the Duchess of Devonshire" announced, going through all the routine of the world he had left. At length he became so filthy that hire would not procure attendance; and struggling, shrieking, and weeping, thinking that he was about to be carried off to prison, he was removed to the Bon Sauveur, where he was tenderly nursed by Sisters of Mercy. He died on March 30, 1840, aged sixty-two years.

See how the world its veterans rewards!

On one occasion Brummell told a friend that he was reforming his way of life. "For instance," said he, "I sup early; I take a—a—little lobster, an apricot puff or so, and some burnt champagne about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three." Pity that his reformation never seems to have been more serious than this!

E. J. HARDY.

From The Economist.

RUSSIAN REPUDIATION.

WHEN we dealt with the compulsory conversion of the Russian 1871 Railway Loan we ventured to predict that if the bondholders quietly submitted to the arbitrary reduction of their claims then sought to be enforced, it would not be long before they would be subjected to further and heavier exactions. And this warning has now been justified. The holders of all the other 5 per cent. railway loans have this week been called upon to convert into a new 4 per cent. stock, with the alternative of repayment at par; but whereas, on the conversion of the 1871 loan holders were given £1,117½ of the 4 per cents. for each £1,000 of 5 per cent. stock, the exchange is now to be made at the rate of £1,090½ in 4 per cents. for each £1,000 of 5 per cents. Of course, if the Russian government had reserved to themselves the right of redemption they would be fully justified in making the very best terms possible for themselves. But they have retained no such right. They have expressly contracted with the bondholders to pay them interest on their investment at the rate of 5 per cent. for eighty-one years from the date of the issue of the respective loans, and to effect the redemption in no other way than by annual drawings. Thus, for instance, in the case of the 1873 loan the bond runs as follows: "The bearer of this bond is entitled to one hundred pounds sterling, with interest at 5 per cent. per annum, until the time of redemption fixed by the drawing. . . . The bonds are redeemable at par in 81 years by means of annual drawings at St. Petersburg, commencing on the 19th November (1st December), 1874, conformably with the subjoined table of redemption." And in the table referred to, the exact amount to be drawn in each of the eighty-one years is specified, that amount rising gradually from £14,700 in 1874 to £693,650 in 1953. There is not a single word in the bond which can be construed to give the government the power of redemption in any other way than by these periodic drawings. Indeed, there is nothing relating to redemption beyond the sentences we have quoted. Yet, now the Russian government, in direct violation alike of the letter and the spirit of their bond, say they will only pay 4 per cent. instead of the 5 per cent. they promised. And by way of adding insult to injury, they again promise to pay the reduced rate for eighty-one years, although by their action they demonstrate that the promise is worthless, and can

serve no other purpose than to delude the unwary investor.

Compared with this gross breach of faith, that of the Argentine government, against which the meeting of Argentine bondholders held the other day entered a most emphatic protest, appears almost excusable. The Argentine government claim the right to pay in forced paper currency instead of in gold, and they can, at least, plead that they never promised to pay in gold. We hold that the claim is morally vicious, and that the government will be very ill-advised indeed if they press it. But the Russian government go beyond this. It is not an implied, but a distinctly expressed obligation they propose to violate, and they have not even the excuse of being compelled to repudiate their engagements through stress of financial embarrassment. On the contrary, it is because they believe themselves to be better able to pay than they expected to be that they declare they will not pay. "When you lent us the money," they say, "we did not meditate such an improvement in our financial position as has taken place, and because we are so much better off than we anticipated, you must not ask us to pay as much as we contracted to pay. If we had been as hard-up as we expected to be, of course we should have paid you what we promised; but as we have for the time a sufficiently well-filled treasury, it is absurd for you to look for payment in full. Here are the Rothschilds ready, for an adequate consideration, to help us to cut down your just claims, and we do not intend to let the opportunity slip." Such is the principle upon which the Russian government appear to have acted; and we repeat that it is a much grosser violation of all canons of financial honesty than that which the Argentine government have been rightly censured for attempting.

Unfortunately for the bondholders in this as in some other instances, might is right. They have no legal remedy, for our courts cannot exercise any jurisdiction over foreign governments, and it is doubtful whether it would be worth their while to bring the matter before the Stock Exchange Committee, which has the power to punish the violation by a foreign government of the conditions of a contract with the bondholders by refusing to recognize any new securities issued by that government. It certainly would be expedient to take action of this kind if our holdings of Russian bonds were large. Happily, however, they are comparatively

small, for our investors have had sense enough to get rid of the great bulk of their holdings of Russian stocks. What, however, we would urge upon those who still hold some of the bonds now to be compulsorily converted is the expediency of availing themselves of the alternative of accepting repayment at par. They have to deal with a debtor that does not hold its engagements to be binding, and they can, therefore, never know to what exactions

they may next be made subject. If the stipulations in the bond as to the payment of interest are not to be held binding, is there any reason why the stipulations as to the repayment of the principal should be respected? A government which plays fast and loose with its creditors is not to be trusted, and when the opportunity of closing accounts with it is offered, it should be promptly seized upon.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOUSE-FURNISHING.

—An ingenious Frenchman has been discussing the "Philosophy of House-Furnishing" in the *Débats*, and comes to some interesting conclusions. His fundamental position, with which no one will disagree, is that "the art of embellishing the human dwelling-place is in a state of anarchy resembling that of our literature, our philosophy, and everything else." We can talk of the style of Louis Quatorze or (less accurately) of the style of Queen Anne in furniture, but what the style of the nineteenth century is it would indeed be hard to say. There are, no doubt, the two great divisions of the average room and the æsthetic room (to translate the French into English equivalents), but the worst of it is that the latter is always tending to pass into the former. "The history of art may be summed up in this single formula—how the distinguished becomes the commonplace;" and of course there are any number of furniture-dealers prepared to turn out "art" furniture by the cart-load. The effort to have a room which is not like everybody's else is regarded by this authority as commendable but arduous, and he lays down the following general principles by which to attain success: Principle 1: The dwelling must be like the dweller. Principle 2: The first duty of a man who wants ideal surroundings in his home is to understand not so much art as himself. Principle 3: Only interesting people have any right to such surroundings. Principle 4: In every house the chief room should correspond to the chief interest of the dweller. In an artist's home it should be the studio, in the case of a man of letters the study, and the dining-room (this is a characteristic French touch) in the case of a candidate to the French Academy. Principle 5: It is indispensable to buy one's furniture bit by bit, and not all at once, just as it is by degrees that the mind is formed and developed. Principle 6: The important psychological moment is when a purchase is made; you must be guided by your taste only, by deep-lying affinities and a kind of need, but never by any idea of symmetry, nor by imita-

tion, nor by vanity, *nor by the price* (this last is perhaps a counsel of perfection). Principle 7: Avoid presents as you would the plague. The general conclusion is that you can only arrive at a good result by "being a person," possessing an individuality of your own; and as our writer has further told us that that individuality must be "interesting," it is clear that his principles are not exactly of universal application.

A PLAGUE OF TIGERS IN JAVA.—according to the administration report of Java recently laid before the Dutch Chambers, portions of that island are being depopulated through tigers. In 1882 the population of a village in the south-west of the Bantam province was removed and transferred to an island off the coast in consequence of the trouble caused to the people by tigers. These animals have now become an intolerable pest in parts of the same province. The total population is about six hundred thousand, and in 1887 sixty-one were killed by tigers, and in consequence of the dread existing among the people, it has been proposed to deport the inhabitants of the villages most threatened to other parts of the country where tigers are not so common, and where they can pursue their agricultural occupations with a greater degree of security. At present they fear to go anywhere near the borders of the forest. The people at present seem disinclined, or they lack the means and courage, to attack and destroy their enemy, although considerable rewards are offered by government for the destruction of beasts of prey. In 1888 the reward for killing a royal tiger was raised to two hundred florins. It appears, also, that the immunity of the tiger is in part due to superstition, for it is considered wrong to kill one unless he attacks first or otherwise does injury. Moreover, guns were always very rare in this particular district, and, since a rising a few years ago, have been taken away by the authorities altogether.

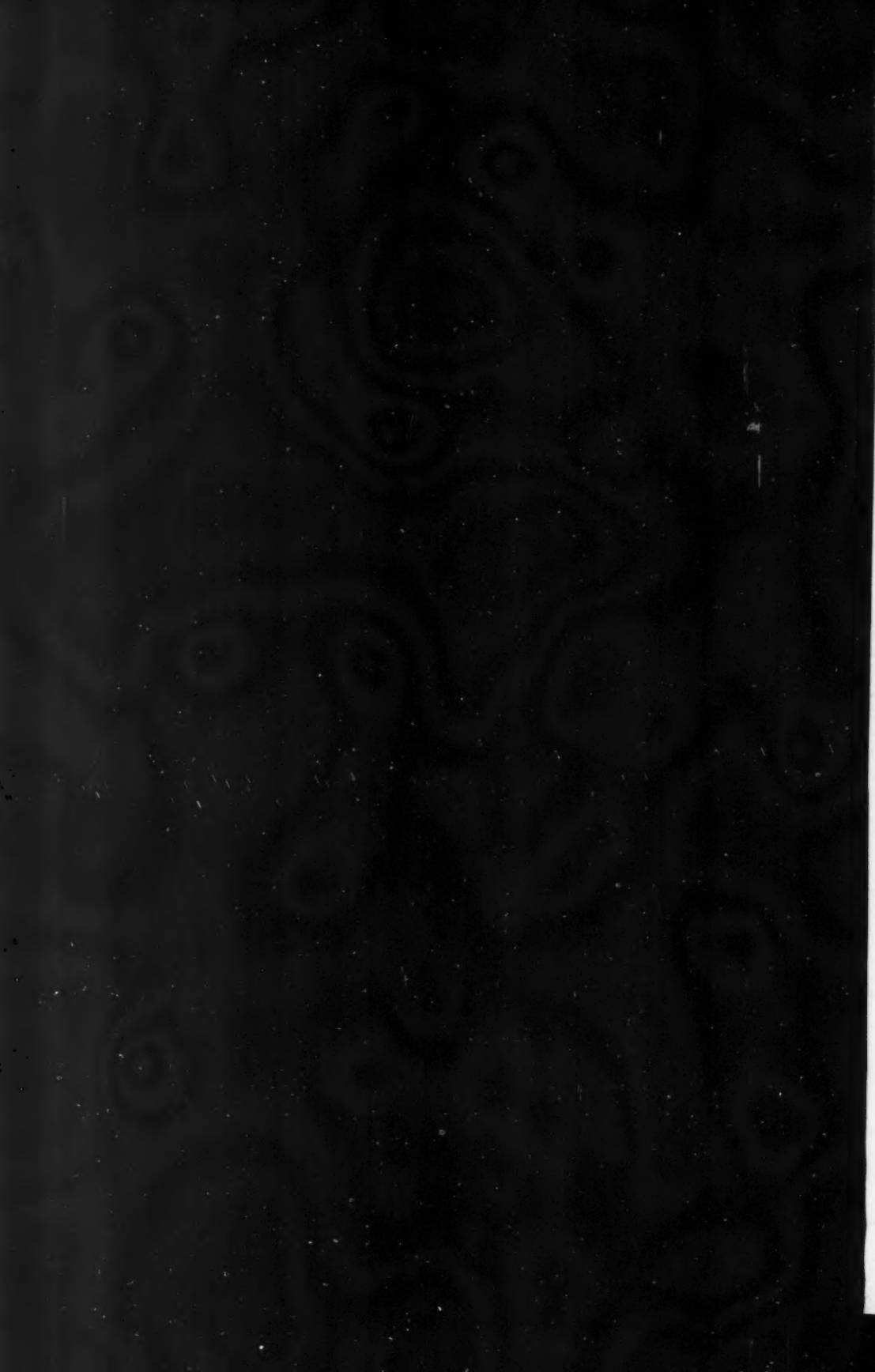
Allen's Indian Mail.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts from Notices.

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